

# THE MONTH

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,  
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.  
(*Apoc.* xxii. 2.)

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JULY—DECEMBER  
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# THE MONTH

VOL. CLXXVI

JULY, 1940

No. 913

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS

### The Tragedy of France

**D**URING the past month events have moved with such rapidity that adequate comment upon them is extremely difficult. Even now it requires an effort to realize that France has fallen, and fallen so suddenly. But this fall does not alter the character of the struggle in which we find ourselves engaged. Rather does it intensify it, and make its issues more obvious still. On our part it remains what it has always been, the attempt to resist and restrain force and that spirit and temper of aggression which would impose its yoke on the whole of Europe, and would reduce to a mere name or shadow the freedom—whether individual, social or religious—that civilized man has come to value beyond almost everything else and, in large measure, to enjoy. That this is so is made abundantly clear by the crushing armistice terms exacted from the French. Marshal Pétain's plea that he might be allowed to negotiate with the Nazis "honourably, and as between soldiers," was vain and pathetic from the start. For the past seven years nearly every German public speech has been thick with denunciations of the "iniquitous *Diktat*" or Treaty of Versailles. Now, with his flamboyant feeling for effect, Hitler has reversed that Treaty in the theatrical setting of Compiègne. In its place is a far more severe, a far more humiliating *Diktat*, involving the occupation of more than half of France and the unpardonable betrayal of an ally. In his book "The Laughing Diplomat," Signor Varè quoted from a letter, written in 1870 by Princess Radziwill who, years afterwards, read the letter aloud to him. "One must have an absolute lack of knowledge of the French people," so the letter ran, "to wish to dictate a peace like that which Bismarck proposes. . . . It is not wise for Germany to awaken an unquenchable hatred in a people like the French. It is not wise to create the pretext for another war, which will not fail to break out some day, and which will turn in favour of France and of the allies, which jealousy of German power will have procured for her." In comment upon this letter, Signor Varè

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continues: "No clearer forecast of the Great War was ever made; no wiser lesson was ever given, as to how peace should be negotiated, if it is to be peace indeed. And this letter was written by a young society woman, in September, 1870, at the time when the first mistake was made, and half a century before the same mistake was repeated at Versailles." We must now add: and less than three-quarters of a century before the mistake was a second time repeated on a more lavish scale, at Compiègne, this time with the full connivance of Signor Varè's own nation. But France will rise again, exalted in dignity and renewed in strength.

### Some Causes of Disaster

**A**FTER such a debacle it is natural to look backwards and inquire what were the reasons for it. On the military side, some of these are sufficiently obvious: the German superiority in 'planes and mechanized arms; the French—and, incidentally, our own—facile underestimation of German military power and preparedness; a fatal reliance upon defence which has earned the name of the Maginot folly, together with the unjustified assumption that the Maginot Line had been extended to cover effectively the Belgian frontier. The Germans were, consequently, able to break through the weakest sector of the frontier which was defended by the weakest of France's armies. There was complacency among Army leaders who still thought in terms of the strategy and tactics of the last War. M. Daladier refused to dismiss General Gamelin every bit as obstinately as his predecessor of twenty-four years ago had declined to dispense with General Joffre. These points are noted here at the same time as an expression of the fullest admiration for the courage and heroism of the French troops in their untiring battle against overwhelming odds, of men but even more of machines. It is most certainly not the French soldier that has failed. But behind this unreadiness, this lack of adequate preparation for modern war, we have to face the sinister fact that French morale had been sapped, and French unity jeopardized, by more than a decade of weak, unfortunate and, at times, thoroughly misguided government. For this, the parties of the Left, the Socialists and the Radical-Socialists in particular, must bear the major responsibility. They failed to read the signs of the times, allowed themselves to be beguiled by the Soviet Pact and took

no care to check the growth of Communist influence at home. Politically, the history of the Third Republic has been no glorious one: it reached its nadir of incompetence and dishonour with the formation of the *Front Populaire*. It was this *Front Populaire* that supported the Republican administration in Spain, encouraged and subsidized in its turn from Moscow. Moscow has now repaid the French assistance then tendered to its Spanish adventure by helping to deliver France to its Nazi foe.

### Marshal Pétain

TO the French mind it must have come as a bitter blow indeed that the man who had to shoulder the responsibility of negotiating with the enemy should have been the aged and well-respected Marshal Pétain. To what extent the initiative was really his, or how far he may have served as the scapegoat for others, it is not possible at present to suggest. His great age and the memory of his splendid military record made him a legendary figure, a French equivalent to the German Hindenburg. To quote from Mr. Churchill, he gained "one of the highest reputations" during the last War, and his long defence of Verdun was one of its outstanding achievements. After the failure of Nivelle's offensive and the appearance, in 1917, of ominous cracks in the French morale, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, a position which he relinquished to Foch early in 1918. According to Mr. Lloyd George he was a man of staunch integrity, of great calm and common sense, whose measures to restore the spirit of the French troops were "a triumph of wise leadership." But never—so continues this verdict—did he give the idea of a General whose personality or genius could lead huge armies to victory in a war in which attack, at the right moment, was essential. "He was an able man and a good soldier. But he was essentially a Fabius Cunctator. He was careful and cautious even to the confines of timidity. His *métier* after the 1917 mutinies was that of a head nurse in a home for cases of shell-shock. The French Army, after three years of unspeakable horror culminating in the shambles of the Chemin des Dames, badly needed such attention. Pétain did it well and successfully. There is no other French General who could have done it as well." Foch's judgment of Pétain, addressed to Poincaré, was that he was a perfect second-in-command for the carrying out of orders, but that he shrank from responsi-

bility. Both Poincaré and Clemenceau complained of his pessimism, and the former recorded in his diary that during the German 1918 offensive Pétain was definitely "defeatist." He was scarcely the man—with ideas more set, and fears more easily aroused—to confront, twenty years afterwards, a new and alarming situation. We have no call to judge him harshly. He has served France long and well. If he has erred now, he erred in all sincerity: theirs is the major fault who thrust upon him an initiative and a responsibility he was no longer fitted to bear.

### Italy's Decision

ONE of the most poignant things I have read recently is a short extract, given in a letter to *The Times* (June 24th), from an address delivered at Cambridge in 1922, by the late Duke of Aosta. After drawing a parallel between the resistance organized by the league of Lombard cities against "the blind fury represented as ever by Teutonic violence," and the part played by Italy during the last War, the address next referred to the British aid then afforded to the Italians. "It is impossible," the address went on, "not to remember with emotion that brotherhood of arms in which the Union Jack fluttered side by side with the Italian Tricolour in the storms of battle and the glory of victory. That memory will never fade from our hearts and will make those graves of the brave sons of Britain, who sleep the eternal sleep in the churchyard of Conegliano, the object of loving worship and eternal gratitude, in the shadow of our flag, under that blue sky so dear to English hearts, in that ancient soil, the cradle of an undying culture, the emblem of kindliness, the beacon of liberty." Such a warmth of tone may have been partly evoked by the occasion, but these words did echo, and would echo even to-day the sentiments of millions of Italians. The Italian people have been, on the whole, dragged into war even if they may now welcome the opportunity of acquiring territory in Northern Africa at the expense of France, and possibly of Britain. They know perfectly well, however, that this can be done only at the terrible price of subservience to Germany. There is a vast difference between the Prussianized German and the Italian who, whatever his failings, is still the representative of a human, cultured and Christian tradition; and the Italian people are thoroughly aware of this distinction. It is with bewilderment and misgiving that many of



them have watched the rapid development of Nazi influence in their own affairs. We may, and do, sympathize with them, but we cannot withhold our censure. "Sacro Egoismo" was an expression much in evidence throughout the discussions at Versailles: it was a phrase of Italian origin and sufficiently obvious meaning. The entry of Italy into the present war was completely unjustified on every other principle save that of this "Sacro Egoismo": that is to say, it had not the slightest justification in principle at all. It was a glaring and cowardly example of unscrupulous aggression, and merits outspoken condemnation. The stab in the back to France and the betrayal of European interests and civilization into German hands will not readily be forgotten. Most countries are now known to have their "fifth column": the action of the Italian Government has made its people a "fifth column" within the framework of civilized Europe. This action was both inglorious and shameful. Some of its equally inglorious consequences are showing themselves: Italian troops, for example, have relieved Nazi units in Poland and are fulfilling the function of *ersatz* jailers to a gallant and Catholic folk.

### Which Way the Fifth Column?

**I**N a quite magnificent speech in the House of Commons on June 18th, the Prime Minister summoned the British people to face to-day's grim and dangerous situation with patience, courage and an heroic spirit. "Let us, therefore," was his conclusion, "address ourselves to our duty, so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour.' " To one phrase of Mr. Churchill's speech we would take serious exception. This was his expressed belief that "our countrymen will show themselves capable of standing up to it [the reference was to attack from the air] *like the brave men of Barcelona*." But why this mention of Barcelona, except, possibly, to raise an ignorant cheer from the extreme Left? No doubt there were brave men in Barcelona during the Spanish War, but that city's record is so foul with arson, murder and sacrilege that surely some other parallel would have been more appropriate. Mr. Churchill's unfortunate comparison in an otherwise splendid exhortation was one indication of a tendency that is rapidly showing itself, especially in the popular Press. This is to suppose that the fifth

column of Nazi sympathizers is recruited principally from the so-called extreme Right, generally pilloried as Capitalists. The Communist Press has always insisted that this war was instigated by Capitalism : now we are being persuaded that it is the same Capitalists who are responsible for the "ratting" and the treachery. If the terms Right and Left have any real meaning, they should indicate the parties at either end of a political line : in this case the extreme Right would consist of Conservatives whose ideas are the furthest removed of all from Nazi aims. But, if the extreme Right be applied to home-grown Fascists, then the political line has bent itself into a circle : Fascists have pooled their sympathies with Communists as Nazis and Bolsheviks have pooled their propaganda. It may serve our present needs and purposes to enter into closer commercial relations with the Soviets : there is no reason why we should not purchase the timber we require from any source whatsoever. But let us beware of any illusions concerning the Soviet attitude towards this country. The Soviets may one day, even soon, find themselves in active opposition to Nazi Germany : if they do, they will be acting from motives of their own interest alone, and never for a moment out of sympathy with democratic ideals which they both fear and despise. Let us not forget that, since the war began, Russia has pursued the same policy of aggression as the Nazis. She has occupied half of Poland and the whole of Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia, she has attacked and invaded Finland. She has her fifth columnists in our midst, and their liberty of action has not yet been entirely circumscribed. We have to safeguard ourselves against all fifth columnists, whatever be their political direction or their colour. Attention may well be drawn to a note in *The Tablet* for June 15th which showed that one of the principal Nazi emissaries in Belgium was Henri de Man, who, for long, counted as one of the "Big Three" in the Belgian Socialist Party and who had worked with the Second International as a colleague of Blum and the rest. It is now known that he was all the time an agent of Dr. Goebbels. He played a prominent part in securing the surrender of King Leopold and is now an administrator of the German occupation.

#### Catholic Citizenship

A LEADER-ARTICLE in *The Catholic Herald* (June 21st), contributed by the editor, touches upon a most important problem which will have to be faced if ever there



is to be a better and more Christian order in international affairs. It is the problem of the Catholic citizen, of the man who, in his individual conduct, endeavours to live according to the commandments and principles of his Faith, and who yet identifies himself completely and without question with the nationalist aspirations and policies of his Government. Civic obedience is an obligation, but this does not free us from the duty of criticism. The Catholic must reflect, must be ready to disapprove, and even to dissociate himself from this or that particular policy as soon as he realizes that it is unjust or unChristian. It is difficult for us to understand how German Catholics can associate themselves with Nazi theories and aggression, and it is by no means easy to see how Italian Catholics can have welcomed Mussolini's declaration of war. The problem is, however, wider than this. It applies to every country in some degree or other, and applies also to political questions within countries. Catholics are now being accused of having furthered—consciously or not—the development of aggression because of the support they have given to Fascist movements. This support they gave because they were persuaded that these movements were definitely anti-Communist, and Communism they held to be the greatest danger to the Christian order. They were right in thinking so: but they were wrong when, in an attempt to safeguard themselves against one evil, they gravely compromised themselves with another which was—apparently, at least—on the opposite side. So runs the charge, and one must honestly allow that it contains a fair measure of truth. The task of remaining Catholic, in outlook and judgment, in the political sphere as well as in that of personal morality and conduct, is a truly difficult one. It has suffered from considerable neglect, and it now demands serious reflection and thought.

### Mexican Possibilities

TO turn from war-harassed Europe to the New World, a great deal may depend upon the result of the Mexican Presidential election which is to take place in July. In the June number of *Studies*, Father Wilfrid Parsons gives an admirable exposé of the situation. Since the time of Calles, Mexico has had only one political party, known previously as the National Revolutionary Party, but now reorganized and newly named as the Party of the Mexican Revolution. Its candidate is General Camacho, an officer in the Calles-

Cárdenas tradition, who is also supported by the Labour Confederation which is strongly Communist. The second candidate, who must be taken into serious account, is General Almazan, a man of more conservative views, who is anti-Communist and in favour of co-operation with the United States. Almazan's meetings command great popular support, but it is considered that Cárdenas, who is the ruling President and will control the election machinery, has no intention of allowing Almazan to win. The situation is highly complicated by the presence in Mexico of from eight to ten thousand Spanish refugees. They have several large schools which are, of course, revolutionary and Marxist. They have a newspaper and a number of well-printed and well-edited periodicals. Many of them have secured key positions in Government offices, and they clearly propose to carry on in Mexico where they left off in Spain. It is no secret that large quantities of arms have been smuggled into the country, and there is every evidence that Stalin intends to attempt to do in Mexico what he failed to achieve in Spain. If the Communist manoeuvres succeed, there will be renewed and even more bitter persecution of the Church. Meanwhile, the Church is enjoying one of its most tranquil periods for many a year. Official pressure has been to some extent relaxed. It is true that the educational system is as fiercely anti-religious as ever, but public worship is now allowed, even in the notorious State of Tabasco, where all the churches were destroyed. Amazing efforts are being made in the best spirit of Catholic Action, and thousands of volunteer catechists are teaching Christian doctrine several times a week to as many as two million children. "In a way," Father Parsons concludes, "this is one of the miracles of modern times."

### **Catholic Opinion in the U.S.A.**

CATHOLICS in England are frequently puzzled by what seems to be the attitude of many of their American brethren to the war. We do not so much complain of their tendency towards isolation as of an apparent inability to understand the issues that are at stake. *The Catholic World* of May, for example, quotes from an article by the newspaper magnate, W. H. Hearst, on the Italian position prior to Italy's entry into the war. True, it rather apologizes for quoting from Mr. Hearst, but in this instance it considers that, in the language of his own Press, he has "said a mouth-

ful." The last portion of the mouthful reads as follows: "This war in Europe is not a war of high principles and noble ideals on either side. It is a conflict of selfish interests and material objectives. It is a war between established imperialism and intended and proposed imperialisms." There you have it *tout court*. The statement is very misleading. You desire to remain detached, not to be involved. One side is definitely aggressive: therefore, you must deny any idealism or lofty principles to the other. It is a good example of the old and cynical technique of "six of one and half a dozen of the other." Surely the repeated declarations of Cardinal Hinsley and of the Cardinals and Bishops of France, together with the similar assertions of the Cardinals of Toledo and Lisbon, would offer a better basis for a Christian verdict upon the present struggle. The Papal condemnation of Nazi aggression which stands out clearly from the pages of "Summi Pontificatus," and the Christmas allocution upon Peace, is a further guarantee that more than material interests are in question. In the same editorial we are reminded that the Americans "do not consider the British Empire a democracy. In England, in Canada and Australia the Empire (or shall we now say the Commonwealth) is to a degree democratic. But the Empire is not democratic. At least it is not the only democracy." We refer to this, not because the ideals and principles in question are necessarily to be equated with what is loosely termed "democracy," but to stress the inconsistency of these judgments with those that are passed in the June editorial of the same periodical. There we are told of the editor's doubt "if we can save democracy. Here on this [American] continent after one hundred and fifty years, democracy is sick, perhaps dying. We haven't as much democracy as poor Norway had or Sweden or Switzerland or little Liechtenstein. There are those who tell us that we have less democracy than England. We seem to have far less than Australia. A good many thoughtful citizens are tempted to believe that we shall have less and less democracy as time goes on." *The Commonweal* (May 24th) challenges an extraordinary remark, made at a communion breakfast in New York. After declaring that the hands of England and France "are stained as red as those of Germany and Russia," the speaker continued: "They're all a bunch of crooks. The only difference is that one bunch believes in God and the other doesn't." One would have felt that, particularly at a com-

munion breakfast, this "only" difference would have been allowed a certain importance. Mr. Michael Williams, commenting in *The Commonweal* on this amazing utterance, quietly mentions that it was not the "red-stained hands" of Britain and France that bombed Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg, or throttled Poland, Norway, Denmark and Finland, and that these very same "red-stained British and French crooks" are fighting by the side, and on behalf of, Poles, Norwegians, Dutch and Belgians, "first for their own lives and their right to live their own forms of life, no doubt; but, at least incidentally, they are fighting for the same cause as that blessed by the Pope in his messages to Holland and Belgium."

### The Portuguese Centenary

**I**N happier times the centenary celebrations now inaugurated in Portugal would have attracted far more attention than they can do to-day. They are designed to commemorate both the 800th anniversary of the State's foundation and the 300th anniversary of its restoration to full independence. They will include a series of festivals to honour the most stirring events in the country's history, and these are to be staged, as far as possible, in the city or castle or on the mountain-side where they actually occurred. On June 24th was opened the exhibition dedicated to "The Portuguese World." Here medieval history finds its main theme in the epic struggle with, and the final expulsion of, the Moors. This is succeeded by the pageantry of exploration and adventure in Africa, India and the Far East and in the New World. This was the golden age of Portugal, in wealth and national energy and influence. The Braganza period is fully represented, and these historical sections are rounded off by an adequate review of Portugal and its colonies to-day, a review in which its daughter-country of Brazil has an appropriate place. These celebrations are not merely an illuminating reminder of Portugal's contribution to European and Christian civilization in the past; they reveal also the new spirit which now informs its people after their amazing recovery, moral, national and financial, under the wise leadership of Dr. Salazar. If there is one country in Europe that points the way to, and offers a sound example of, social and political reconstruction, that land is assuredly Portugal.



## PACTS WITH THE DEVIL

[A detailed list of the many articles of Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., has now been prepared, and it is hoped that it will shortly be available in printed form. Meanwhile the following article, hitherto unpublished, is of considerable interest in itself and characteristic of its author's wide field of studies.]

**T**HE question has been, and may well be, asked : "Can a man sell his soul to the Devil?" "Why, of course, he can," the ardent believer in medieval traditions will reply. "Have we not the case of St. Cyprian of Antioch, and of St. Theophilus, and of Pope Sylvester II, and of Gilles de Rais, and of Doctor Faustus, and of the Abbé Gaufreddy, and of hundreds of other sorcerers and witches condemned by the Inquisition? History simply swarms with examples."

There certainly can be no doubt that this belief is extremely ancient. The idea of a compact between living men and the powers of evil may possibly be traced to Jewish sources originating in the period shortly before and after the birth of our Lord, when most of the Old Testament apocrypha were produced. But this is uncertain, and there is nothing to be gained by laying stress upon it. Our positive knowledge begins a little later, perhaps as early as the fourth century, when we find the legend of SS. Cyprian and Justina already in possession. True, there is not at this stage any mention of a formal bargain, though the surrender of the soul in bondage to Satan is clearly implied, but in the later developments the compact becomes the pivot upon which the whole story turns. Briefly, the outlines of the tale, which finds its supreme development in the play "El Magico Prodigioso" of the great Spanish dramatist Calderón, run as follows.

Justina, a beautiful maiden of Antioch, the daughter of pagan parents, having been converted to the Christian Faith, is inspired to consecrate herself to God in a life of virginity. Her suitor Aglaïdes, whose addresses she has rejected, has recourse to a great magician in the hope that he may be able to overcome her resistance by spells and enchantments. The magician, Cyprian, promises his help, but himself falls desperately in love with Justina and thereupon surrenders his soul entirely to Satan as the only means of compassing his

desires. The wiles of the devil, however, prove to be powerless against the maiden's faith in God. She puts to rout all his vile suggestions and phantoms, by making the sign of the Cross, and it is interesting to notice that even in the very earliest form of the legend, preserved to us in a sermon of St. Gregory Nazianzen, she turns for help to the intercession of our Blessed Lady. The devil is forced to confess his failure, and Cyprian then, for the first time, realizes that there is a power greater than that of the infernal master whom he has hitherto served. After a long struggle with himself, he repudiates Satan, begs the forgiveness and prayers of Justina, and becomes a Christian. Meanwhile, the devil in a last desperate effort to recapture the souls which thus tend to escape him, finds means to have the two converts denounced to the pagan governor. But, once again, the evil one is foiled; they face undismayed the persecutor's threats of torment and death, and in the end triumph gloriously as martyrs.

In Calderón's play the compact between Cyprian and the devil is most formal. "I, the great Cyprian, engage to give thee my immortal soul" (*Digo yo, el gran Cipriano, que daré el alma immortal*). The agreement is made in writing. Cyprian stabs his arm and signs the deed with his blood. Whereupon, the devil answers: *Alma con alma Te pago*—"Soul for soul I pay my clients. Thus for thine own in fair exchange I give thee hers"—a tactical mistake which enables Cyprian, at a later stage, with a logic as inexorable as that of Portia, to repudiate the contract upon the ground that the goods were never delivered.

In the case of the Theophilus legend, the pact *motif* seems to have been part of the story from the beginning, and may possibly be traced back to the sixth century. If I have referred to its hero as *Saint* Theophilus, this is because the early Bollandists so describe him and have given him a place in the *Acta Sanctorum* under February 4th. The story is, perhaps, the most famous of all the *Marienlegenden*, and is to be found in Syriac and in countless medieval renderings. Theophilus is described as "œconomus"—let us say, administrator—of the church of Adana in Cilicia, a humble, earnest man, who, on being chosen bishop, declined the honour, preferring to remain in his previous subordinate station. On his refusal of the bishopric, a stranger was appointed to the See; and he, through the subtle machinations of the devil, without any reason deposed Theophilus from his office. The injustice



rankled, and the poor victim, brooding over his wrongs, was finally betrayed into a complete recoil from all his former good practices. Bent, at all costs, upon reinstatement, he went to a Jewish sorcerer by whom he was brought into personal communication with Satan. The devil exacted from him a repudiation of Christ and His Blessed Mother, duly signed and sealed, and on the fulfilment of this condition, the bishop, by some diabolic spell, was induced to lay aside his prejudices and to restore the former administrator to his office. But, having attained his purpose, Theophilus's remembrance of what he had done left him no peace. Eventually he performed forty days' penance in the church of our Lady, humbly beseeching her intercession, and she, after administering a severe rebuke, obtained mercy for her client from her Divine Son. After further fasts she appeared to Theophilus again in a vision during sleep, and when he woke he found that the pact which he had signed was lying upon his breast. Thereupon, prompted by a sense of gratitude and by a wish to proclaim to all the world the compassion of the Mother of Mercy, he made public confession before the bishop in church of all that had happened and the pact was burned by the bishop's own hand in the sight of the people.

A third ancient story, far less well known than either of the preceding, is recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis and others, upon the alleged authority of a Life of St. Basil the Great, written by his successor Helladius. This ascription is certainly unwarranted, and it is more than probable that the whole is a fiction, but it reflects the current ideas of the seventh or eighth century, and is, therefore, valuable. A certain senator named Poterius had a daughter who was on the point of entering a religious community of women. But the devil, bent on frustrating this good purpose, contrived to inspire one of the servants in her father's household with a violent passion for the girl. Hopeless of attaining his purpose by any lawful means, he addressed himself to a sorcerer, who, as in the previous case, was obliging enough to provide him with a letter of introduction to the Prince of Darkness. The devil, seated on a high throne and surrounded by his court, took the sorcerer's letter. After which—I translate literally—

Satan said to the wretched man: "Dost thou believe in me?" He replied: "I do believe." "Dost thou, then, repudiate thy Christ?" "Yes, I do repudiate Him." Then the devil said: "You Christians are a treacherous lot.

When you want me to do something for you, you come to me; but when you have obtained what you seek, you renounce me and return to that Christ of yours who is so benevolent and pitiful that He takes you back into His service. But thou must write out for me with thine own hand a voluntary abjuration of thy Christ and of thy baptism and a profession of fealty to me, to have force for ever and ever, declaring that thou art content to abide with me at doomsday in the eternal torments already prepared. On these conditions I will gratify thy desire forthwith." Whereupon the other, with his own hand, drew up the writing as he was asked.

Being thus assured of his prey, Satan sent lewd spirits to cast a spell over the maiden. Their devices were successful, and all her delight in God's service left her. She could think of nothing but this servant, and was determined at all costs to have him for a husband, telling her father that he would be responsible for her suicide or at least her early death if he refused his consent. Poterius, though bitterly disappointed, could only yield to her wishes, and the marriage was celebrated as she desired. The bride's happiness, however, was short-lived. Her husband never went to church, and sinister rumours soon began to circulate concerning him. Discovering that he was excommunicated, the wife, coming to herself, went to the great St. Basil and confessed all. Through the holy bishop's prayers the husband's heart was also touched, and he sought to be reconciled with Christ, but the remembrance of his bond with the devil filled him with despair. In the end, after forty days' purgation, the bishop commanded the monks over whom he presided, together with all the Christians who dwelt round about, to come and spend an entire night in prayer. In spite of all their fervent supplications, the devil would not resign his prey. Though invisible to their bodily eyes, Satan strove by main force to tear the penitent from the arms of the bishop, and the voice of the demon was heard by all—"Thou dealest not fairly with me, Basil," he cried. "I did not go to him; it was he who came to me. He swore fealty to me, and here I have his bond. It will be proof against him before the Judge who at doomsday will pass sentence upon all mankind."

But the holy man replied: "May the name of the Lord be blessed. This people shall not lower their hands from the

height of Heaven until thou surrenderest the bond." And turning round to the people the bishop said: "Raise your hands heavenwards, crying aloud with tears, *Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.*" And lo! while the people stood there until a late hour, lifting their hands up to heaven, the bond which the culprit had written was borne visibly through the air and was placed in the grasp of our beloved pastor, and he, as he took it rejoicing exceedingly and giving thanks to God, said to the suppliant in the presence of all: "Dost thou recognize this writing, brother?"; who answered: "Yea, truly, holy Man of God, it was written by my own hand." And tearing up the bond St. Basil led him to the church and made him again partaker of the communion of the holy mysteries. After which, instructing him and assigning him a rule of life, he restored him to his wife.

It was natural that when such legends as the above had been for centuries in circulation, the signing of an explicit "pact" with the devil should be regarded as part of the common form of initiation in all cases of reputed sorcery. Pope Sylvester II (Gerbert) is recognized by nearly all modern historians as not only the ablest, but the most worthy and high-minded of tenth-century pontiffs. None the less, as a man whose knowledge was much in advance of his age, he was suspected of necromancy, and the chronicler William of Malmesbury—than whom none more devout—does not scruple to assert that when Gerbert was desperately anxious to cross the sea and could find no ship to carry him he invoked the devil and paid him feudal homage as to his lord and master for ever (*perpetuum paciscitur hominibus*). It was, he deemed, the only way to effect his purpose.

So, against the Waldenses and other medieval heretics, it was commonly alleged that they entered into a compact with the devil, and notably this charge was made in the case of William Edeline who was burnt at Evreux in the fifteenth century. Similar accusations were brought against most of those who were prosecuted for sorcery, and the point may be noted that in the infamous career of that inhuman monster and problem of morbid psychology, Gilles de Rais, the historical prototype of Bluebeard, who, a few years earlier, had been the trusted comrade-in-arms of St. Jeanne d'Arc, he was willing to promise everything in return for the devil's help, but claims always to have made an exception of surrendering his soul and his life. From a critical point of view the fact

is significant that in a case so fully investigated and so well known to us from the surviving records of the civil and ecclesiastical processes, Gilles de Rais, though he was most anxious to obtain a personal interview with His Satanic Majesty, seems never to have succeeded in his purpose. His sorcerers, like Prelati, pretended to be able to evoke the devil, and the sound of voices and the clash of arms were heard when Prelati alone entered a thicket at night, but he came back saying that it was too dangerous; and in the matter of "manifestations" Gilles himself was singularly ill repaid for his hideous efforts to make Satan his ally.

But of all the pact stories the most famous, of course, is that of Faust. Goethe's treatment of the theme, with its psychological subtleties, is not much to our present purpose, though even he does not disdain to introduce the written agreement signed *mit einem Tröpfchen Blut*. Faust, the hero, was to some extent an historical personage, and what, in any case, is real enough, is the "Faustbuch," first printed in 1587 and translated into English in 1592 under the title of "The History of the Damnable Life and deserved Death of Doctor Johann Faustus." There can be no doubt that this book, written seemingly by a Lutheran pastor with a strongly religious purpose, was, in spite of its fictitious materials, taken quite seriously, and, in an age which still believed in witchcraft, hell and the devil, the drama *Doctor Faustus*, which Marlowe founded upon it, was far from being regarded by the spectators as a mere comedy. Here everything turns upon the pact, the terms of which correspond closely with the popular idea of such contracts as they existed in the minds of the witch-hunters, whether Protestant or Catholic. Mephistopheles describes it as "a deed of gift writ with thine own blood." The devil is to serve Faustus and procure for him all that he desires, remaining invisible; but, in the last clause of the instrument, we read: "I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer . . . and his minister Mephistopheles, and furthermore grant unto them that twenty-four years being expired they have full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood or goods, into their habitation where-soever it be. By me, John Faustus."

The records of the witch trials in every part of the world, not excepting New England, abound in references to such compacts. In the famous process of the priest Louis Gaufredy



who was condemned and burnt for sorcery at Aix in 1611, the formula he is stated to have signed runs as follows :

I, Louis Gaufredy, hereby renounce all and every good thing, spiritual or corporal, conferred or to be conferred upon me by God, the Virgin Mary and any of the Saints of paradise, and in particular by my patrons St. John Baptist, St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Francis, and I give myself body and soul to Lucifer here present with all the merits and possessions that may ever accrue to me, excepting only the validity of the Blessed Sacrament so far as affects those who receive it. To which intent I do sign and deliver this as my free act and deed. Louis Gaufredy.

Sometimes we get a minute description of the circumstances under which the pact was signed. A striking case is that of Anne Styles at Salisbury in 1653, who is said to have been initiated by the witch Anne Bodenham :

Then appeared two Spirits in the likenesse of great Boyes with long shagged black haire, and stood by her looking over her shoulder, and the Witch took the Maid's forefinger of her right hand and pricked it with a pin, and squeezed out the blood and put it into a Pen, and put the Pen into the Maid's hand, and held her hand to write in a great book, and one of the Spirits laid his hand or clawe upon the Witch's, whilst the Maid wrote; and the Spirit's hand did feel cold to the Maid as it touched her hand, when the Witch's hand and hers were together writing.

A practical difficulty which was likely to arise under such circumstances does not seem to have occurred to the deponent who gave this evidence. Nevertheless, it was present to the mind of the compiler of the "Faustbuch," who, in setting out at length Dr. Faustus's compact with Mephistopheles, running to some 250 words, introduces it with the heading : "How Doctor Faustus set his blood in a saucer on warm ashes, and writ as followeth." Marlowe, taking the hint, represents his hero as arrested midway in his penmanship.

FAUST : But, Mephistopheles,  
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH. : I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

FAUST : What might the staying of my blood portend?  
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?  
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

But Mephistopheles returns with a "chafer of coals," and Faust completes the document.

Mephistopheles's term of service was fixed by contract at twenty-four years, but the term is by no means always specified when the question of pacts is touched upon in the witch trials, and even when it is mentioned it varies greatly. At Groton, in New England, in 1671, Elizabeth Knap averred that "the terme of time agreed upon with the devil was for 7 yeeres; one yeere shee was to be faithfull in his service, and then ye other six hee would serve her, and make her a witch." In Huntingdonshire, in 1646, Elizabeth Weed confessed that "the Devill then offered her, that hee would doe what mischiefe she should require him, and said she must covenant with him that he must have her soule at the end of one and twenty years, which she granted." At Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1673, a witness deposed that "Ann Drydon had a lease for fifty yeares of the divill, whereof ten ar expired." It was popularly believed that at the end of any such term the devil killed his victim, as seems to be suggested in the concluding scene of Marlowe's play, though he has greatly toned down the lurid details of the "Faustbuch." In this we are told that a party of students spent with Faust some hours of his last evening on earth. He confessed to them all that had happened, and they slept not far off. About midnight "there blew a mighty storm of wind against the house as though it would have blown the foundation thereof out of its place." Then "there was a mighty noise and hissing as if the hall had been full of snakes and adders." They heard him cry, "Murder, murder," but "it came forth with half a voice, hollowly." Only in the morning did they venture to enter the hall, "where notwithstanding, they found no Faustus; but all the hall lay besprinkled with blood, his brains cleaving to the wall; for the devil had beaten him from one wall against another; in one corner lay his eyes, in another his teeth, a pitiful and horrid sight. Only after long search did they discover his body lying in the yard on the dungheap, most monstrously torn and fearful to behold, for his head and all his joints were dashed in pieces."

All this undoubtedly is pure fiction, though it is likely enough that the compiler believed it to be true, for there is some evidence that the historical Dr. Faust, the magician, was, about the year 1540, found dead in his bed under mysterious circumstances. Such stories, however, had a deplor-



able effect upon neurotic and suggestible readers, and we shall probably never know how large an influence was exercised by this type of literature and the talk which resulted from it, not only in stimulating the activities of the witch-hunters, but also in colouring the so-called confessions of their unfortunate victims. A curious illustration of seventeenth-century feeling may be found in the "True Bill" returned by the Grand Jury of Middlesex in 1643 against Thomas Browne, yeoman, who was charged with selling his own soul to an evil and impious spirit on terms and for considerations set forth in a certain writing, to wit, that the same impious spirit should pay him £1,000 immediately upon the execution of the deed and £2,000 a year in equal half-yearly payments during his natural life, and should, during the full term of 41 years, defend him from all perils of body and goods, and should ensure to him the possession of a wife in whom he should delight and the enjoyment of all health, riches and worldly pleasure until his death. This was not a witch trial, and the accused was ultimately found "Not Guilty"; but the fact that a London Grand Jury could treat the case seriously is surprising enough.

Finally, it may be noted that even in the nineteenth century the idea of a pact with the demon still haunted the minds of those who believed themselves obsessed. Hélène Poirier who, in 1869, was exorcized by no less a personage than Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans and Member of the French Academy, declared to her confessors in March, 1867, that a few days before "I was attacked by four devils one of whom seized me by the body, the other two by the hands, while the fourth," who was carrying a sharp steel instrument, thrust a written document in front of my eyes. It was a form of repudiation of God, our Lady and the Blessed Eucharist. He wanted to prick me in order to get me to sign this abjuration with my blood."

There can be no question that in this and many similar cases, the victims of such diabolical assaults exhibit every symptom of pronounced hysteria. Moreover, though nothing could be more frequent in the witch trials than the mention of such pacts, there seem to have been singularly few instances in which the document was produced in court. Are we to believe that the devil was always successful in carrying them off?

I find that I have come practically to the end of this article

and have not yet answered the question with which it was first introduced, namely, "Can a man sell his soul to the devil?" What is more, I am afraid that I cannot answer it with any confidence; but I can say that after a good many years of rather discursive reading, in which the phenomena and records of what the Germans call "Okkultismus" have always specially interested me, I have never yet come across evidence which satisfied me as to the physical reality of these pacts with the devil. I read that there is preserved in the library of Upsala the contract by which Daniel Salthenius, who was professor of Hebrew at Königsberg, sold himself to the evil spirit; but I do not know what sort of authentication can be quoted in favour of this document. Although it seems rarely to have happened that there was any pretence even of putting in the original of such pacts as evidence against the accused in witch trials, there are a few judges like Pièrre de Lancre who profess to have seen them. But the witch who avowed her guilt through some hysterical auto-suggestion, in the very rare case that she possessed sufficient education to draft such a document, would also have been capable of forging it.

On the other hand, I do absolutely believe it possible that a man may sell his soul to the devil in the sense that he gradually extinguishes in himself every good instinct, deliberately stifling the voice of conscience, and deliberately finding a perverse delight in outraging all the standards of conduct which are commonly recognized among good men. Some diabolical force drives him on to do the very worst he can, to throw down the most desperate challenge which his imagination can devise in mockery of the Deity, of that personification of Good, that he has learned to hate. It is in this sense that I am inclined to believe that the hideous practices of Satanism, and of the Black Mass, may, in some rare instances, have had real historical foundation.

In a very remarkable book of George Bernanos, published some years ago, "*Sous le Soleil de Satan*," a very wise priest, who is one of the characters, delivers himself of this utterance: "*Le mal, comme le bien, est aimé pour lui même, et servi.*" (Evil, like good, is loved for its own sake, and served as well.) This does not, however, come all at once.

Finally, one definite conclusion seems to disengage itself from the materials (supplied by history, tradition or romance) which we have been considering. Even if we should be disposed to admit the fact, or at least the possibility, of such a

bargain, the devil is never sure of his prey. While life remains there is always room for repentance; even though where a man has deliberately seared his conscience, the grace is a very rare one. A man cannot himself fetter that freedom of the will which even Omnipotence respects, and where there is true sorrow and change of heart there is no contract so base in its motive or so binding in its terms, that it cannot be rescinded with God's help.

HERBERT THURSTON.

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## "THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

Once again we thank all our readers who are continuing the most charitable work of the Forwarding Scheme, a work that has become increasingly difficult during the war. But the continued zeal of our helpers gives us great encouragement, and we are sure they will do all in their power to continue to supply the missions in distant parts with **THE MONTH**, a gift that is so deeply appreciated, as is shown by the countless letters of gratitude we continue to receive. Many more offers are needed—for we have a long waiting list—and we therefore beg all who possibly can, to join the Forwarding Scheme. This work of Charity has been rendered all the more necessary by the fact that missionaries, working in Dutch, Belgian and French territory overseas, are cut off from all contact with their home countries.

We make a special appeal for **FOREIGN STAMPS**. The market for such stamps has definitely improved, and we are most anxious to resume those direct subscriptions given to missions by this fund, which recently through lack of funds we were reluctantly compelled to abandon. If missionaries (especially in the British Empire) would make a special effort to send us more stamps, and if all readers would collect them, we should soon be able to supply again those missions so unfortunately deprived of their **MONTH**.

No more names can be added to the waiting list until further notice.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 114 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. Readers must enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, should be printed in capitals.

## THE AUSTIN FRIARS IN ENGLAND

THE Hermits of St. Augustine have received but rare mention in the historical literature of this century. The student who wished for exact information had to delve into the huge eight folio volumes of Luigi Torelli's "*Secoli Agostiniani*," which were published at Bologna in the years 1659—1686. It was not to be expected that this *lacuna* in modern specialized studies should exist for long, and it has now been triumphantly filled by Father Aubrey Gwynn, S.J., in his recently-published work, "*The English Austin Friars in the Time of Wyclif*."<sup>1</sup>

Father Gwynn has dealt so exhaustively with the life and work of the Austin Friars in this country, from their first arrival in or about the year 1248 to the end of the fourteenth century, that I propose merely to summarize and comment upon some of his main conclusions. His account of the origins and early history of the Hermits stands out in notable contrast to the somewhat romantic and highly-coloured description of the late Father E. A. Foran, O.S.A., in a short general history of "*The Augustinians*."<sup>2</sup> Father Foran waxed bold in maintaining that throughout the early centuries, from the time of St. Augustine, the Hermits "maintained their identity and their rule, and at the time of the 'Union' which was brought about by Alexander IV, they were widespread all over Europe, a fact upon which the Augustinians of to-day found their claim to continuity from those early exiled Hermits." By way of contrast, the Irish Jesuit, more sober and realistic in his scholarship, candidly confesses that "little or nothing is known of the rule's history for some six centuries after Augustine's death . . . we have no proof that separate monasteries of men or communities of women were actually living according to this rule in these early centuries."<sup>3</sup> In a word, there is abundant evidence for the existence of Hermits in the Merovingian and Carolingian periods and the long night which followed, but none at all for the practice of the Augustinian Rule. Indeed, since Père Mandonnet's classical study of the origin of the rule<sup>4</sup> appeared, the traditional

<sup>1</sup> Oxford University Press. Price, 15s, 1940.

<sup>2</sup> Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Price, 7s. 6d. 1938.

<sup>3</sup> Gwynn, *op. cit.*, p. 7.

<sup>4</sup> "*Saint Dominique : l'idée, l'homme et l'œuvre*." Vol. II, pp. 3—62. Paris, 1937.



account has been found very hard to maintain. The Dominican scholar brought forward cogent arguments to prove that the traditional *Regula Augustini* was not a separate rule, but a practical commentary on the primitive rule. The strength of this argument lies partly in the fact that the traditional rule says nothing of the liturgical prayers that are to be recited in common or of the hours that are to be allotted to work and prayer.

The rule of St. Augustine came into its own in the eleventh century as a result of the great reforming movements of that epoch. St. Peter Damian, Leo IX and Hildebrand were to the fore in attacking clerical abuses, especially simony and incontinence, and in urging a stricter religious observance. The need for a rule appropriate to secular clergy engaged in apostolic work was felt on all sides. The Benedictine Rule was essentially monastic and, therefore, unsuitable for this purpose. So it came about that ardent reformers and clerical disciplinarians turned to the rule of St. Augustine as "the expression of a simpler and more primitive Christian ideal."<sup>1</sup> Two streams gradually emerged, and followed separate courses. On the one hand, the Canons Regular of St. Augustine developed as a distinct Order, quasi-monastic in their observance. On the other hand, groups of Hermit-Friars sprang up as separate communities which all sedulously followed the rule of St. Augustine. The most remarkable group was that of the Williamites, founded in the middle of the twelfth century by the French ascetic, St. William of Maleval. They led a severe and eremitical life, and were to be found in considerable numbers in Germany and Italy. Mention should also be made of another group of Hermit-Friars, the Bonites, founded by John Buono of Mantua, who died in 1249. Other minor groups flourished in Tuscany and the Marches of Ancona. In 1256 Alexander IV took the decisive step of uniting all these scattered groups of Hermit-Friars in one Order. His bull "*Licet Ecclesiae Catholicae*" marked the formal institution of a new mendicant Order entitled the Friars-Hermits of St. Augustine. While adhering strictly to the rule of their alleged founder, the Hermits developed organs of government in accordance with the centralizing tendencies which marked the history of the Religious Orders and Mendicant Friars in the later Middle Ages. The chapter general, which met every three years and elected the Prior-General and diffinitors, acted

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

as the central legislative organ of the Order. Provincial chapters were held at frequent intervals and, among other functions, elected the Prior-Provincial of the Province. In their general organization, the Friars-Hermits resembled in many respects the three other Mendicant Orders, Dominicans, Franciscans and Carmelites.

By the year 1329 the Austin Friars were divided into twenty-four provinces, eleven of which were in Italy. The English province was constituted soon after the reunion of 1256. The Friars were certainly in England in 1249, and local tradition has it that the house of Stoke Clare in Suffolk, probably founded in 1248, was the first abode of the Hermits in this country. In 1253 they were established in London and, assisted by the patronage of wealthy individuals, they founded a considerable number of houses in this country in the later thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The foundations at Oxford in 1268 and at Cambridge in 1293 are especially to be noticed for their importance in the history of scholastic learning.

The bull "Super Cathedram," issued by Boniface VIII in 1300, submitted the Mendicant Friars to the control of diocesan bishops by its demand that the Friars should seek licence from the Ordinary for preaching and hearing confessions. Miss Jean L. Copeland has shown, in her study of the relations of the Friars and the secular clergy in the fourteenth century,<sup>1</sup> how numerous disputes occurred over preaching, confessions and burial dues but how, on the whole, the system of licensing worked well and enabled many learned Friars to become confessors and exercise a wide influence. Her careful analysis of a collection of about 1,600 licences throws many illuminating sidelights on the work of the Friars in this crucial century. It does not appear that Father Gwynn has consulted this work.

The Austin Friars are chiefly to be remembered in this country for their contribution to learning and the part they played in the Wycliffite controversy. Their Oxford house became "a centre of higher study, not merely for the English province, but for the Order as a whole,"<sup>2</sup> and at Cambridge the Hermits were in the vanguard of scholarship. In 1355

<sup>1</sup> "The Relations between the Secular Clergy and the Mendicant Friars in England during the century after the issue of the bull 'Super Cathedram' (1300)," in *Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research*, Vol. XVI. (1938-1939.)

<sup>2</sup> Gwynn, *op. cit.*, p. 18.



Innocent VI issued a bull at the request of the Prior-General, which ordained that there should be only three *studia generalia* in the Order: Paris, Oxford and Cambridge. Other *studia generalia* were subsequently established, but the three universities always played the most prominent part in fostering the erudition of the Friars-Hermits.

Scholars of the first rank among the Austin Friars first blossomed in the warm and sunny climate of Italy. A young master of theology, Giles of Rome, stands "with Thomas Aquinas, Albert the Great, Bonaventure, Henry of Ghent and Duns Scotus as one of the outstanding personalities in this central period of scholastic thought."<sup>1</sup> His profound and original work had an immense influence on his own Order. The rich flowering of Italian Augustinian theology is primarily due to Giles and his school of disciples, among whom may be counted James Capocci of Viterbo, that doughty champion of Papal claims, and Agostino Trionfo of Ancona, the learned author of a "Summa de Potestate Ecclesiastica." The work of these men had a very strong impact on the theological development of the Western Church. In England the Austin Friars exercised an especially strong influence on learning, and the theological and political crisis associated with the name of Wyclif is in no small measure due to ideas first tentatively put forward by Augustinian theologians. Archbishop Richard Fitzralph was strongly subject to this influence, and his longest work, the "Summa de quaestionibus Armenorum," echoes views on lordship and grace which had been already uttered by Giles of Rome and William of Cremona. Indeed, it is quite certain, as Father Gwynn shows, that "the doctrine which lies at the basis of his [Fitzralph's] 'De Pauperie Salvatoris' was borrowed from two famous Italian Augustinian Friars."<sup>2</sup>

Bearing in mind this widespread influence, one may consider the part played by the Austin Friars in three of the classical medieval controversies: those concerned with evangelical poverty, the problem of dominion and grace, and the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament. Fitzralph's devastating attack on the Friars, both in formal treatises and in the sermons preached at St. Paul's Cross in the winter of 1356—1357, called for an adequate reply. The Archbishop of Armagh had impugned the whole way of living of the Mendicant Orders and had poured scorn on their claim to poverty and humility.

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

<sup>2</sup> Gwynn, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

The ablest answer to his challenge was that of Roger Conway, the English Provincial of the Friars Minor, but the Austin Friars produced a capable champion in the person of Geoffrey Hardeby, who became their Prior-Provincial in England and occupied the position of Master Regent at Oxford when the controversy first broke out. His treatise "*De Vita Evangelica*" answers, point by point, the arguments adduced by Archbishop Fitzralph in the "*De Pauperie Salvatoris*." Such questions as the following are examined and answered in great detail. Did Christ and His Apostles own property? Were they truly poor men? Did they beg for their living? Are ecclesiastical prelates true lords and owners? Is it meritorious to profess mendicant poverty for the love of Christ? The mendicants were triumphantly vindicated, and each charge made against them by Fitzralph was shown to rest on false premisses. Hardeby's treatise stood as the official *apologia* of his Order against anti-mendicant diatribes.

The advent of Wyclif, and his radical teaching and preaching, shifted the scene of battle to the specific problem of dominion and grace. At first the Austin Friars of Oxford had shown some sympathy with Wyclif, whom they supported in his attack on the bishops and prelates. Only when his doctrine became openly heretical did they draw back and reveal themselves as stalwart champions of orthodoxy. One of the most learned of the Austin Friars at Oxford, Thomas Winterton, appears to have gone a long way with Wyclif in championing that doctrine of lordship and grace which, as we have seen, can be traced to Italian Augustinian sources of an earlier period. No Austin Friar is known to have attacked Wyclif on this particular question.

The crucial test came when Wyclif launched his attack on transubstantiation and the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence. The publication of his "*De Eucharistia*" in 1380, followed by the "*Confessio*" in 1381, which epitomizes his opinions on the Blessed Sacrament, marked the parting of the ways. Thomas Winterton, who had hitherto been a warm friend and supporter of Wyclif, upheld the Catholic Faith in a reply which he called the "*Absolutio*." It was a model of Christian charity.

"I, Thomas, the least of the Austin Friars," he writes, "seeing with tearful eyes the many errors and heresies that are contained in a certain '*Confessio*' of a most famous doctor, John Wyclif: for I do not call him a heretic, since I do

not know whether he has the intention of obstinately defending his errors or is ready to be corrected when he has known the truth, submitting, as is his duty, to ecclesiastical authority; but I do say that he has set down many errors and heresies in the aforesaid tract, which he has named his 'Confessio'; and I shall strive to solve these errors and heresies, with their proofs, so that simple souls may be able to escape the snares of his entanglements." <sup>1</sup> But John Wyclif neglected the stern warning and inexorable logic of Thomas Winterton and, now deeply involved in heretical speculation, delivered a vicious attack on the mendicants which surpassed Fitzralph in the force of its invective. He rapidly alienated the sympathies of most of his former adherents.

At the time of the Reformation the Austin Friars produced one martyr who deserves to be more widely known. Richard Ingworth, describing his visit to the house of the Austin Friars at Canterbury for the purpose of suppression, told Thomas Cromwell that "one Friar there very rudely and traitorously used me before all the company, as by a bill here enclosed ye shall perceive . . . and at all times he still held and still desired to die for it, that the King may not be head of the Church of England, but that it must be a spiritual father appointed by God." Thus spoke John Stone, who was hanged, drawn and quartered in the city of Canterbury for his defiance of the royal supremacy.

The conclusion of Father Gwynn's study is so arresting that it deserves to be quoted in full.

"In Wyclif's time, when the question of Papal authority had been obscured for many by the Great Schism of the West, the supreme test came, not over loyalty to the Roman See, but over loyalty to the Catholic tradition as to the meaning of the Eucharist. A hundred and fifty years later, the test was directly concerned with the alternative claims of royal supremacy and Papal authority; but those who held by the Pope's authority were those who held by the ancient doctrines concerning the Eucharist. In the episcopal palace of Rochester, in the household of Thomas More, in the London Charterhouse, and in the convent of the Austin Friars at Canterbury we find the same devout tradition; and it is found in every other centre of Catholic resistance to the new doctrines. The Eucharist was the source and centre of Catholic life, in the fourteenth and in the sixteenth century." <sup>2</sup>

R. A. L. SMITH.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Gwynn, *op. cit.*, p. 261.

<sup>2</sup> Gwynn, *op. cit.*, pp. 286—287.

## THE COURTESY OF ABRAHAM

LATTERLY, it has become the custom to produce "literary" Old Testaments, or what they used to call *spicilegia*, 'elegant extracts taken from it; and they are no doubt capable of similarly maltreating the New Testament. For though these two sets of documents undoubtedly contain much that is beautiful as sheer literature, they are living and inviolable wholes, and the Christian prizes them because they are the Word of God. He thinks that, at best, these new "editors" want to "recommend" the Bible to modern readers, who no more form their lives or even their language by means of it; they feel that half the Bible needs to be apologized for, but that the other half has a chance of survival because it is "literature." No. Ancient literature has now become exotic all along the line, we are sorry to say; and M.P.'s would be very embarrassed if anyone quoted Horace, let alone Homer, let alone Habbakuk, in the House. But there are others, who have long ago thrown over the Bible as the inspired word of God, but who do not like to say quite that, and so, disguise their lack of religious belief in the Scriptures by a profession of literary admiration for them.

When our Catholic ancestors translated the Bible, and it is well known how substantial a use the Protestant translators made of the earlier Catholic work, their wish was to be above all accurate, so that no critic could possibly say that they were "wresting Scripture" to their own purposes (II Peter iii, 16). Hence they made a translation whose accuracy overshot its mark, by being at times almost unintelligible and very often ugly. It might even repel readers instead of so fascinating them as to model the best of our language up to now, as the Protestant version caused them to do.

Of course, the dignity and grandeur of sheer words can hypnotize whole generations into supposing they know what the words mean; and even, the shape of a word which carries no very special meaning can attract when its equivalent would not. Bunyan's "Delectable Mountains" exercised a mysterious spell which "Delightful Mountains" would not have woven. Hereditary Catholics (and even converts from the "higher" grades of Anglicanism) would probably be quite bewildered by the intoxication which the word "Beulah" could



produce in the simpler sort of Protestant during the second half of the nineteenth century. Whole hymns were written about "Dear Beulahland," and the word might be repeated till delirium was all but reached. Yet it occurs in the Scriptures once only, I think, in Isaias lxii, 4, where God says that the land shall no more be called Forsaken, nor Desolate, but Hephzibah, and Beulah—My delight is in her : and, Married. And how many of the singers gave a thought to *that*? Of course, given the appalling slums in which people then dwelt, almost any reference to a Promised Land, to "Jordan passed," held its lure. But I imagine that the assonance of Beulah with beautiful; the liquid lapse of the *l*; and the sense of exclamation, almost of gasp, in the *-ah*, all played their part. We are far from scorning the power of words, and are looking forward with all our heart to Mgr. Knox's translation of the Bible. May Cardinal Newman look affectionately upon his successor's work—a work he so much longed to accomplish but was not suffered to.

But, naturally, if the personages of the Bible become familiar and dear to us, the volume is lifted right out of the sphere of mere literature. And the Church would undoubtedly like the great figures of the Old Testament, too, to be dear to us. Abraham carries with him high credentials. Our Lord, in one of His most transcendent affirmations, used his name : "Before Abraham came into being, *I exist*." Our Lady mentions him in the climax of her ecstatic Magnificat; and the same name is organically present in the Post-Consecration Canon of the Mass, and God is asked to accept this our Offering as *He did* that of Abraham. And he will be invoked, God grant, as we lie dying. He is, then, at the head of our most ancient pedigree, and is to be felt to care for each one of his descendants, "now, and at the hour of our death."

Now we cannot dictate to these personages just *how* they are to impress us or to endear themselves to us. Abraham impressed St. Paul because of his implicit faith in the word of God and his trust in those Promises which, in various forms, keep pace with him throughout his pilgrimage. Our Protestant ancestors, to whom St. Paul was precious because he seemed to them no less a Protestant than they, and a flouter of Romanizing "works," were, perhaps for his sake, very devoted (which does not mean "devout") to Abraham, and you can read what a howl went up when Robertson Smith (or was it Colenso?) described him as an eastern "sheik."

True, things went rapidly after that, and others called the poor patriarch a sun-god: I cannot remember that this upset people half so much; they just thought it impious but absurd, as indeed it was. But reactions to persons are personal; hence I am bound to say that personally I took not the slightest interest in Abraham as a sort of theological symbol. It seemed to me, as a child, perfectly natural that one should believe what God told one, and not at all natural to be tied up in contracts as, one was given to understand, the Israelites were later on. I don't believe that the "alliance" between God and the People has much meaning for a child, and we have grown, on the whole, to discard the notion of a spiritually most-favoured nation, of Eldest Daughters of the Church, and of Apostolic Majesties. True, the pictures of Abraham looking at the pageant of the Oriental night-sky—like those stars, so should his seed be; and at the myriad flashing of the brimstone desert-sand—so should be his offspring—had their fascination; but they *were* pictures, to be brooded on in one's picture-Bible; and I fear it was the imagined glory of a starry sky and of sands, all intensified, which captured me, and by no means the lonely figure of the destined Patriarch.

Needless to say that the Higher Criticism was not in vogue in self-respecting families at that time, so that one did not ask oneself why Abraham having had one unfortunate episode at Pharaoh's court (owing to calling his wife his sister) should engineer the same situation all over again at Gerara (chapters xii and xx): no one was likely to suggest that the latter was but a "doublet" of the former; and I half think that—perhaps in order to divert my attention from what was felt to be just a little "old" for me, *i.e.*, slightly shady—the lesson derived was that even Abraham might do the same wrong things more than once—just like me. However, I remember quite well appreciating obscurely the protest of the poor Abimelech when God in His goodness visited even a pagan in a dream! "In the integrity of my heart and the innocency of my hands have I done this!" And God said: "Yes, I know that in the integrity of thy heart thou hast done this, and *I also* withheld thee from sinning against Me. . ." That really touched one's "sincerity-nerve," and refined the conscience to the point of knowing always exactly how far one was honest when saying: "I didn't know. . . I didn't mean!" Usually not very far. But, when it was all the way, how did one resent being misunderstood!

But oddly, perhaps, what we found very charming was Abraham's courtesy, of which you get the first instance in Genesis, chapter xiii, when Abraham and Lot returned to Beth-El and there was strife between Abraham's herdsmen and those of Lot because there was not enough pasturage for the cattle of both these kinsfolk. "And Abraham said unto Lot: 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen—for we are brethren! Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, I will go to the right: or if thou wilt take the right hand, then I will go to the left.' " You can positively see the grave gestures with which the Patriarch indicated the directions; and since it was quite obvious that Lot chose the richer district, despite the extreme unselfishness of the much older man, you could hardly feel sorry that Lot got into trouble soon enough—but then you felt that so sweet an old man as Abraham wouldn't have *wished* you to have those nasty vengeful feelings! And since in those days you were always encouraged to suppose that your elders were "very good," and since (also in those days) grandparents, great-uncles, and so forth did treat their small relatives with a grave and exquisite courtesy, no wonder that they were all automatically promoted to the rank of a sort of Abraham. This made for the prevalence of that affectionate awe within a family which the Victorians prized so highly, and which was certainly very convenient for all the older folks concerned.

The visit of the three strangers (chapter xviii) did not impress me religiously: no mystical meaning was associated with it. But the lesson of generous hospitality was suggested: Abraham *ran* to meet them, though it was so hot! He bowed down, and with charming deprecation said: "My lord—if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant; *let now a little water be fetched*, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree, and I will fetch a morsel of bread." And *he hastened* into the tent to Sarah, and said: "Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes." And Abraham *ran* again—being ninety-nine, remember, and in the heat of the day—and "fetched a calf, tender and good," and gave it to the servant and he hastened to dress it. And he also took butter, and milk, and the veal and the cakes, and they had their "morsel of bread" under the tree. All this was so entertaining and en-

viable, that it seemed incredibly rude of Sarah to laugh when the men said she should have a child. Even if she didn't believe it, you felt, she shouldn't have done that! It hurt; it jarred in the delightful episode; and it was all very well that she should laugh quite differently later on, and Abraham too; but one never quite forgave her for that first ill-mannered laugh—not to mention her telling a lie and saying she hadn't laughed. "But Abraham said: 'Nay, but thou *didst* laugh!'" How reticent, but how final a rebuke. No, really! you felt, Sarah . . . ? That was unpermissible. *Definitely* a bad show.

But I suppose that in all literature there is nothing that can compare with the scene in which Abraham pleads with God for the Cities of the Plain. Here you have that dignity which always goes with a true humility, and again, that careful modesty which cannot be detached from a genuine dignity. Abraham's guests were for leaving him, and "looked towards Sodom," and Abraham "went with them to bring them on the way." And the simple little idyll begins to rise towards sombre significance.

And the Lord said: "Shall I hide from Abraham that which I do? . . . Assuredly the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah is great: assuredly their sin is grievous! I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come unto Me; and if not, I will know."

(The men went on ahead; but Abraham stood yet before the Lord. And Abraham drew near, and said):

"Wilt Thou consume the righteous with the wicked? Peradventure there be fifty righteous within the city; wilt Thou consume and not spare the place for the sake of the fifty righteous that are therein? That be far from Thee, to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked, that so the righteous should be as the wicked—that be far from Thee! *Shall not the Judge of all the earth do rightly?*"

And the Lord said: "If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then will I spare all the place for their sake."

And Abraham answered and said: "Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, that am but dust and ashes! Peradventure there shall lack five of



the fifty righteous : wilt Thou destroy all the city for the lack of five?"

And He said : "I will not destroy it, if I find there forty and five."

And he spake to Him yet again, and said : "Peradventure there shall be forty found there. . ."

And He said : "I will not do it for the forty's sake."

And he said : "Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak. Peradventure there shall be thirty found there."

And He said : "I will not do it if I find thirty there."

And he said : "Behold, now, I have taken upon myself to speak unto the Lord—peradventure there shall be twenty found there. . ."

And He said : "I will not do it for the twenty's sake."

And he said : "Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once—peradventure ten shall be found there. . ."

And He said : "I will not destroy it for the ten's sake."

The terseness of the narrative ! It is not necessary to say that God did inform Abraham of His intention, nor what His final answer was. The concern of Abraham for God's righteousness, and also, his pity for the sinful cities ! His genuinely heroic insistence—despite his humble, yet so self-possessed deprecation ; he cannot but fear that God will regard him as thrusting himself in upon what was the business of the Judge of all the earth alone ! The "anthropomorphisms" which lend such brilliance to the sheer story—compare xi, 5, when the Lord comes down to look at the Tower of Babel, to see what really the builders are about—how obviously compatible are such anthropomorphisms with a high and very spiritual ethic ! How we would not, at any price, be defrauded of them ! and what nonsense do they talk, who wish to see in them a mark of a low-grade religion !

It would be out of place to do more than allude to the two stories about Agar, for they have nothing directly to do with Abraham from our special point of view : moreover, the first of them has obscurities just where you regret them most : what exactly *did* Agar say to God ? "Thou art a God of seeing ! Here also [*i.e.*, even in the desert] have I seen—after Him that saw me . . ." (xvi, 13). But the second story (xxi) is insuperable in its reticent pathos. "I cannot bear to

look upon the child dying. . . ." The fewest possible words : a most perfect psychology : moving beyond calculation.

The same perfection of economy combined with the maximum of pathos is in the story of the Sacrifice of Isaac, that supreme test of Abraham's faith, in which—though on how tragic a plane!—you meet once more with the Patriarch's courtesy. The ascent of the mountain : the carrying by the boy of the wood : the fire and the knife in his father's hands : "My father ! . . . Behold the fire and the wood ; but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering ?" "God will send for Himself the lamb for a burnt-offering, my son." "So they went both of them together."

The perfection of this story as drama was evident when, several years ago, I saw it acted at night during a Eucharistic Congress at Zagreb in Croatia. The stage was quite simply a stretch of grass at the foot of the very steep cliff, on the top of which was built the bishop's palace. On the grass was the camp—Sarah, *mater dolorosa*, guessing amid the tumult whither her husband, her boy, and the servants were going. Fires burned brilliantly there, and there was a hubbub of animals and their herdsman. Half-way up the cliff, Abraham's servants halted ; "Abide ye here, and I and the lad will go yonder" ; and they lit their own little fire. Then at the top you saw no more than the tiny sacrificial flame. From the heart of the blackness came God's voice. The great throng of Croatian peasants, soldiers, noblemen, prelates, children, all together without distinction, knew the story perfectly : no more than the Scriptural words were needed, and how amply they sufficed ! I wish that we could trust, in England, to so close a knowledge of, so intense a response to, the ancient story, able to pass without shock into the great Eucharistic hymns, chanted by all !

Obviously, the career of Abraham is not summed up in the notion of Courtesy. Not only have we said next to nothing about the episodes of Agar and Ishmael, nor even about that of the sacrifice of Isaac—though just allow yourself to think, for a moment, of the rack on which not only the faith, but also the love, of Abraham were put, and of the gentleness combined with heartbroken reticence involved in those words : "God will provide Himself a lamb, my son"—but we cannot dwell upon the episode of the Covenant related in chapter xv, when Abraham prepared the sacrifice ordained by God, "and the birds of prey came down upon the carcasses, but Abraham drove them away." Anthropologists can dis-

cuss that as they please: but already, to me at least, that strange verse introduces the element of the uncanny that pervades the whole story. The sun was setting; Abraham, like Adam, fell into a "deep sleep," "and lo, a horror of great darkness fell upon him." I do not care in the least whether the proper translation ought to be more banal, or when we read how, the sun having altogether sunk, and it was dark, "behold a smoking furnace, and a flaming torch, that passed between these pieces" of the divided sacrifice, whether we ought to read "stove" instead of furnace—for furnace is what we *did* read, and the whole incident retained its dignity without losing any of its weirdness. What a child would remember would be the "horror of great darkness," and the mysterious passing of the furnace and the torch, unborne by any hands, and be *glad* when Abraham got back out of this atmosphere of black and flame-colour and (n.b.) *non-anthropomorphic* apparitions into the realm of his grave, sweet courtesies to youthful men, to strangers, and to his own son.

There cannot be nothing in this impression of Abraham's humble stately courtesy, since it makes one—at first, astonishingly, perhaps—think of our Lady. Her recognition that "He that is Mighty hath done *great* things for me . . . as from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed": her serene acceptance of Elizabeth's "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"—exquisite courtesy of so far an older woman to a child—combined with her recognition that what *was* she, if not God's humble hand-maiden? Hence we see again that no true human dignity is possible without humility, and that humility is perfectly compatible with a deep sense of greatness, and that the two together issue into a wonderful consideration and courtesy.

None of this seems to be thriving very well to-day. Exactly in proportion as the sense of God has been weakened amongst us, as it progressively has been ever since the shoddy agnosticism of the Victorian Enlighteneds began to popularize itself, so is even politeness, so is courtesy, vanishing. "I'm as good as you" replaces "I am more venerable—to-be-venerated—than you: but *both* of us are infinitely small before God, and both of us are incalculably great because of God." Once, age could, and would wish to be, as respectful to youth, as youth felt itself bound to be respectful to age, even when it thought it "knew better." To-day, however, the vulgarization of the world seems nearing completion, and one can but hope that the destruction of sheer perspective by means of

violent lighting will so offend artists that they will begin to demand, once more, distances, and so, "mystery," and correspondingly, some awe. Poor Piccadilly Circus! Under the torrents of Neon lights it is certainly no more a circus, and might just as well be Brixton or Tottenham as Piccadilly. Unhappily, this smashing-down of taste has invaded our churches, too: Neon-halos are to be seen surrounding the heads of images—red for the Sacred Heart, blue for our Lady, rose-pink (presumably) for the Little Flower—so that beneath the glare the poor images lose all expression whatsoever, and are infinitely less impressive than waxworks in some Chamber of Horrors, where at least the lights are cunningly shaded and meant to give you the creeps. They want to flood-light the Victoria Falls: Niagara has long ago been topped by hotels as tall as the Falls themselves. All that means the rejection of anything like a sense of proportion; and with that, disappears the possibility of humility and obviously of dignity, and with these go decent manners—courtesy.

We make no apology for referring to these vulgarities. They are forced upon our notice; and no fact, if properly assessed and properly used, can be vulgar. Abraham's veal, cakes and milk (even when you know it was curdled) will never be vulgar. Nothing connected with that great man can be *that*, even though he was so small beneath the stars, so tiny in the midst of the rippling, dazzling sands, so simple in his preparation of a meal—*running* in the violent heat to ensure the service of the men in the shade of his tree. The prince, however shabby, never dreams that his clothes cheapen him. Young aristocrat novices thought that washing dishes was mean, only when the world had well embarked upon snob-bishness. The true aristocrat would have thought (only he wouldn't have adverted to it at all, unless challenged): "Since *I* am washing dishes, washing dishes is aristocratic." Pride, if you like, and to be reprobated: but not vulgarity. His eye would have been fixed on a horizon large enough to make dishes disappear. And, therefore, when the eye is fixed upon infinite horizons, all will disappear save God, and the soul—so small "*Quid est homo . . . ?*" and so vast: so small, that no task, no other soul, can be beneath it: so vast in vocation that no work done in view of that ever can be mean; no soul that shares in that vocation, can be anything but worshipful.

C. C. MARTINDALE.



## CORNELIUS A LAPIDE

(1567—1637)

**B**IOGRAPHERS of St. John Berchmans mention his antipathy for the nightcap, which an anxious infirmarian placed on his head as he lay dying. Though spontaneous in a Northerner, this gesture of dislike cost him a scruple afterwards. Happily, a friend was at hand to assure the Saint that no fault arose from ignoring what was simply an Italian convention. This friend was Cornelius a Lapide, who had made his mark in the field of Scriptural studies and was distinguished for his holiness among the inmates of the Roman College at a time when it was a nursery of saints.

Cornelius Cornelissen van den Steen—he adopted later the Latinized equivalent, a Lapide—was born in 1567 at Bocholt in Flemish Limburg. He showed naïve appreciation of his parentage. "Certainly many farmers have sons who are clever scholars and teachers of others; I am a farmer's son." There was no rusticity about his education. After passing through the hands of the Jesuits at Maastricht and Cologne, he followed courses in theology at the Universities of Douai and Louvain. Meanwhile, he had entered the Society of Jesus, receiving the priesthood in 1595.

It was in the next year at Louvain that Cornelius began his career as professor of Scripture. He delighted his audience, for he lectured with gusto and enlivened the tedium of the class-room with topical allusions and irrelevancies of a pleasant kind. These characteristics are faithfully preserved in his printed works. The publication of his first and greatest book, "Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles," widened the circle of his admirers. Eventually his commentary on the "Epistle to the Romans" went through eighty editions. A more immediate result was his promotion, in 1616, to the chair of Scripture at Rome.

He mentions in his introduction to the "Book of Proverbs" that he had been occupied with Scripture for thirty-seven years. Emancipated in old age from class work, he devoted himself to the task of preparing his lectures for the Press. His Commentaries are in Latin and cover the whole of the Bible except the Psalms and the Book of Job. They fill nine

stout quartos and exceed in scale all works of this kind. In itself this is a dubious recommendation for anything more than a respectable catacomb in a library. But Cornelius a Lapide saturated his work with his own vivid personality, and much of it is evergreen. His outlook was cosmopolitan and his pages preserve many instances of his own observations which are not without interest to-day. This article gives prominence to the lighter features in the Commentaries in the hope that readers may be led to explore them for themselves. Appreciation of the author's professional qualities and high spirituality will follow naturally. When this tireless scholar died in 1637 the Society of Jesus cherished hopes of his beatification, and in token gave him the distinction of a grave apart from his brethren.

Up and down his Commentaries Cornelius gives us hints of autobiography somewhat in the manner of Montaigne. He entered the Society with the express desire of martyrdom, and he renewed this aspiration daily. He felt the slow martyrdom of the religious life, of the desk and of sickness. But he continued to beg the holy Prophets to obtain for him the grace of shedding his blood in proof of what he had taught. Thirty years among books only quickened his ardour. He appeals earnestly to the Blessed Virgin. "Do not defraud me of martyrdom." The implication is touching. On one occasion he had come within an ace of his heart's desire, and duty had compelled him to beg our Lady to save him from it. It happened in 1604, while he was passing his vacation in preaching and hearing confessions at the shrine of our Lady of Montaigu, a spot dear to the Irish exiles in the Low Countries. Out of the blue, swept a troop of Dutch cavalry bent on sacrilege and slaughter. Cornelius rushed to save the Blessed Sacrament from profanation. He managed to escape just before the church was sacked. This time his duty to his sacred burden obliged him to pray for Mary's miraculous protection from martyrdom. He always hoped for a second chance. It was not to be. He found solace in a life of asceticism and in describing the martyrdom of his fellow-Jesuits.

In his devotional explanation of St. Matthew's Passion we find a clue to his own practice of penance. "Let anyone extend his arms in a cross and pray in that posture for two or three Misereres. Then he will realize how great such suffering is." His panegyric of Blessed John Ogilvie shows how closely he followed the hardships of his brethren on the mis-

sion. "Listen to the courage with which our confrère Ogilvie, the proto-martyr of Scotland, suffered in this year 1615. For eight entire days his persecutors prodded him with spikes and pins and needles to keep him without sleep. Then they threatened him with such brutalities as the torture of the boot. Listen to the reply of the champion of Christ. 'You are clever in your tortures, but they do not trouble me a whit. Employ all the devices of your heretical malice, I do not mind. I ask pity of no man. I never will. I am ready to suffer for my Faith all you can do, and more. . . Keep your threats for nervous women. I find them as ridiculous as the cackling of geese.' " A challenge like this breeds new heroes of a persecuted Faith. Cornelius exploited to the full the dramatic incidents of that age of martyrs, and one can imagine how the young hearts around him caught fire at his words. If not quite academic, this was the most inspiring lesson he could give his students in days when the journey from the seminary often ended at the gallows. The wisdom of such happy digressions is vindicated by the career of Blessed John Ogilvie himself. For he owed his instruction in the Catholic Faith to Cornelius a Lapide, who calls him with fatherly pride, "my former catechumen at Louvain."

Like most teachers, Cornelius was a keen pilgrim. After a tribute to the pine forests which met his eye along his route to the Tyrol, he pauses in that favoured spot to admire the variety of its shrines. He notes the courtesy of the villagers in the Alps. "As we left our inns to resume our journey, they would present us with bunches of flowers, which grow there even in winter." He liked listening to Vespers in the churches of Rome. Indeed, he had an enthusiasm for music of all kinds and stressed its refining influence on school-boys. He dissents from Cardinal Cajetan, who was not in favour of the organ for liturgical services, as it interfered with the devout recital of the words. Yet he loved the great Dominican for his humility, and was fond of praying at his simple tomb in the vestibule of the Minerva. He felt exceptional devotion at the shrine of Blessed Charles of Flanders who was murdered at Bruges for throwing open the granaries to a starving populace. A Lapide sharply condemns the monopolies so prevalent in his country.

The piety of this hard student bore no trace of morbidity. He twits the Dutch on their fastidious cleanliness, and pokes fun at the Calvinists for praying into their hats to comply

with the text : "Pray to thy Father in secret." Everywhere he finds much to praise, especially in his native land. He even drops Latin for a moment and quotes with relish the Flemish proverb : "Oost, west t'huys best" (East, west, home is best). He surveys with complacency the commerce of the world as it passes along the fine canal between Brussels and Antwerp. He went to see the looms at Audenarde and speaks well of their tapestry. Even more trivial topics do not come amiss. He was familiar with the technique of Flemish sportsmen and describes how they used decoys to trap wild duck on the marshes. He even records that they had a good bag. The Roman College was the clearing-house of the latest news from the missions at home and abroad, and Cornelius kept abreast of it. To quote his own striking phrase, "in Urbe est orbis." He tells us that the Jesuits in China said Mass with covered head by Papal indult, as local propriety demanded this. He speaks of the digestive value of drinking hot water as practised by the Chinese. In 1628, on the fall of La Rochelle, this keen observer volunteers his own view of how it came to pass. Among his friends were some of the generals in the wars of that epoch, and from their conversation he learnt the advantage of engineers. His military theories were drawn from Vegetius, an ancient oracle, indeed, but worthy of respect. For, later in the century, the illustrations in a copy of Vegetius helped to inspire a schoolboy at St. Paul's with a soldier's vocation : that boy became the Duke of Marlborough.

The family historians of the Gordons trace no fewer than 157 branches of that clan. This would have been no surprise to our encyclopædic exegete. He draws attention to the paucity of Scottish surnames and to the presence of Hamiltons, Gordons, and Hays in every class of society. He explains how each of the common people easily knows his family, and how the family looks to its clan, and how the clan follows to the death the nobleman who is its chief. A sturdy moralist, he commends to the women of Belgium the fashions in vogue at Nuremberg. "There I noticed that even dames of high degree wear common cloaks and high boots of antique pattern." At Würzburg things were even better. The ladies promenaded the town with baskets on their backs—"such as our charcoal women carry at Liège." The baskets were more or less ornate according to the wearer's rank. It was their practice to doff these baskets in the church porch and to put them on again after the service. Possibly Cornelius was at



Würzburg during a service of thanksgiving for the grape harvest. Anyhow, the incident gives him the chance of a pun on the superior beauty of "wooden cloaks" to "woollen cloaks."

In the realm of natural history Cornelius a Lapide drew largely from Pliny and Aristotle; in consequence, his zoology is often fabulous and amusing. The story of Daniel and the lions leads to a few hints on how to keep wild animals at bay. The best way to cope with a lion is to blindfold him, as his strength is chiefly in his eyes. An alternative remedy is the crowing of a cock. Failing such methods it is wisest to prostrate and ingratiate oneself with the lion by an attitude of supplication. The hyena offers a more knotty problem as he does not observe the rules of sport. He hangs around sheepfolds until he has by rote the names of the shepherds. Next, skilfully imitating the human voice, he calls out the names of these unsuspecting men. When they venture from cover, the hyena strangles them and devours them in comfort. It is a consoling contrast to learn that an angry elephant takes to its heels at the grunting of a pig. Cornelius had a flair for elephants. Their thoughtful conduct serves as a peg on which to hang a homily for the rising generation. It appears that juvenile elephants leave a portion of their food for their less enterprising elders. Again, when an aged elephant tumbles into a pit, his young companions hasten to throw him branches and trunks of trees until he has a ladder which enables him to climb out with decorum. Contemporary poets such as Donne make pretty allusions to the remora. Cornelius seems to take it seriously. He describes it as a tiny fish capable of attaching itself even to the largest ship and bringing it to a standstill by suction. A curious bird was seen near Dresden in 1550 which spread its nest over three trees. Reference to this marvel leads to a digression on the roc, our old favourite in the story of Sindbad the Sailor. Our author is non-committal and keeps to the account of Marco Polo. "Paul of Venice says he heard about the roc beyond Madagascar." It was credited with carrying off elephants.

However, it would be a blunder to conclude that a Lapide had an unqualified belief in the bulk of the myths. He passed them on at face value; discrimination was for his audience. When he began to lecture, the mere word of Aristotle was still widely acceptable. Cornelius knew the tastes of his public and as he had wrestled with whole libraries of print and

manuscript, he gratified its curiosity. Erudition was his forte. As a rule, he left it to others to test his information. Sometimes he gives his own opinion. Unlike Benvenuto Cellini he rejected the popular belief that the salamander can live in fire. His reason is instructive. It indicates the advent of modern methods. He accepts the experiment of the physician Mathiolus who put a salamander in the fire and discovered that it did burn. Similarly, he denies that the phoenix exists and that the chameleon lives on air. Olaus Magnus tells about the battles between the pigmies and the cranes in Gruntland. Cornelius is unconvinced. He asserts that the North Germans are the reverse of pigmies and that it is one thing to say that they hunt cranes and another to call this pastime a pitched battle.

Indeed, it is possible to discern in the pages of a Lapidé some signs of a transition. Before he died the supremacy of Aristotle was on the wane, and the experimental method was making headway. Among the pioneers of the new order were several Jesuits of the Roman College. Cornelius speaks of some of them. For instance, he was helped in his Oriental studies by Athanasius Kircher, the first scientific exponent of the magic lantern and its probable inventor. He quotes Clavius, who superintended the Gregorian reform of the calendar, and Piccolomini, who experimented in physics. It is significant that this Scripture scholar borrows from Vesalius, his compatriot, an account of the nervous system. Possibly science was a quiet hobby of his own. He admires Charles V, his hero, for carrying in a ring on his finger a miniature watch. Discussing clocks he says that the human face itself serves as a sundial, the nose casting the shadow and the teeth recording the hours. He lived in a sunnier clime than ours. Amid the beauties of Tusculum, Cornelius amused himself with the artificial nightingales which sang and fluttered true to life by a pneumatic mechanism. Water-organs attracted his curiosity. Perhaps he had in mind one which is still to be seen in the gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. Piccolomini supplies him with the mechanical principle of the new style of carriage with large wheels which dashed around Rome in his time. The invention of this precursor of the hansom cab is attributed by Cornelius to Michelangelo, who was nicknamed Bonarota, a play, no doubt, on his surname Buonarroti.

The professional merits of Cornelius a Lapidé deserve more

general recognition than at present they receive. Three years ago, on his tercentenary, Père Galdos, S.J., set forth these merits in a series of able articles in "Verbum Domini." One feature of the Commentaries is the wealth of solid and devotional material they furnish for use in the pulpit. Their writer detested the impoverished rhetoric which disfigured the sermons of his own time. To cure this evil he ransacked the mystics and scholars of the past and added to this vast hoard what was most useful of classical antiquity. Familiarity with his writings would enrich the discourses of those who must preach often and who complain of a dearth of ideas and illustrations. It is a pity not to rescue Cornelius from oblivion. The eye of his reader need not travel far. It will be soon repaid with some piece of sound instruction or some gem of Christian eloquence. Most unfortunate is it that his volumes should be left undisturbed on their shelf because of their bulk and Latin garb. St. Alphonsus Liguori, who had an instinct for solid devotional preaching, held Cornelius a Lapide in the highest regard.

The Anglican clergy have shown their appreciation of the Jesuit scholar by a translation into English of several of his volumes. The work was begun many years ago by the Rev. W. Mossman, whose conversion to the Faith was a touching incident in the life of Cardinal Manning. The translation was continued by other hands, and is, on the whole, an admirable piece of work. Perhaps those who are intimidated by Cornelius in his Latin dress may venture to make his acquaintance in this English version. Friendship will follow, for his books are not dead leaves but live with a human heart.

EDWARD RING, C.S.S.R.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted.

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# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### BATTLE DEVOTIONS IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND.

THE organic nature of society is, perhaps, not clearly realized by most men in time of peace; but in war time, when the efforts of the whole nation are directed towards an end easily kept in sight, it is more obvious that each member of the nation has his special function, subordinated to the good of the whole. It is just that each member should contribute to the community what he alone can bring, and that the community should reward him proportionately.

The chief community with which the medieval Christian was concerned was the Church, the body of Christ, in which all the baptized were joined without respect of rank or nationality: a body whose members lived with the divine life that was conveyed through it, a body whose life was in turn enriched by the lives of its members. Within this community were lesser ones like the diocese, the religious order, the monastery, each aiding its members in their spiritual life, and each needing the loyalty and service of its members in order to function efficiently. For temporal needs there were the communities of empire, kingdom, city and the like, known to natural law but, since the Incarnation, ordered indirectly to the spiritual ends of man, and so linked with the widest of all communities, the Church. Thus, justice, which is at stake in all wars, comes to be referred not only to the temporal communities but to the spiritual. If men defend their city or kingdom or seek to promote justice between rulers, they do so as members of the Church acting for the good of the whole, and they look for help and reward not only to the secular societies with which they are immediately concerned but to the whole Church.

The conviction—unreasoned, perhaps, and scarcely conscious—that a just war is the business of the whole Church seems to lie behind many of the medieval devotional practices connected with battle. It is natural that before risking their lives for a matter of importance to the body, the members should seek to be united with the head through the sacraments; and as devotion to the Blessed Sacrament increases in the later Middle Ages, there is a desire to see that the Host is duly respected in the midst of warfare. Richard II ordains, for instance, in 1385, *que nully soit si hardy de toucher le corps nostre seigneur, ne le vessel en quel il est, sur peine destre traynez et penduz, et le teste avoir coupe.*<sup>1</sup> Henry V, early in the next century, issues an English form: "For

<sup>1</sup> "Black Book of the Admiralty," Rolls Series, Vol. 55, p. 453.



holy Church . . . that no man be so hardy, of lesse that he be preste, to touch the sacrament of Goddes body, uppon the peyn to be drawe and hanged therfore, nor that nomaner man be so hardy to touch the boxe or vessell in the whiche the precious sacrament is in, uppon the peyn aforeseid."<sup>1</sup>

Recourse is also had to sacramentals, whereby individuals co-operate with the Church to obtain actual graces. Chief among the sacramentals especially connected with war are the episcopal blessings given in the Mass before the Pax, and the blessing of arms. A formula for the blessing of a sword makes clear the connexion of temporal warfare with the spiritual welfare of Christians, when it asks that the man receiving the sword may use it to crush the enemies of God's Church and to defend himself;<sup>2</sup> and an episcopal blessing found in many of the liturgical books used in England seems to imply that the just cause in a war is that not only of the party immediately concerned but of all the baptized.<sup>3</sup> Another, headed simply *Pro pace in tempore belli*, goes on to pray that God would crush or convert the enemies of Christianity.<sup>4</sup>

A favourite sacramental was a blessed banner, often of the cross or of some great English saint, whose protection was thus sought in a special degree. The papal gift of a banner to William the Conqueror for his English expedition will at once be recalled, and the setting up of a cross by St. Oswald at the battle of Hefenfelth.<sup>5</sup> In the later Middle Ages the banner of St. George was used widely, and fine it sounds as Waurin describes how at Ivry, in 1224, Bedford displayed this banner, "having a silver field with a large red cross; then he had the banner of St. Edward displayed, blue with anchored cross of gold with five mails of the same."<sup>6</sup> Again, a religious device might be sewn on to the soldiers' clothing: Edward I, in 1300, seems to have worn the *vexillum Dominicæ Crucis* before and behind,<sup>7</sup> and it later became the practice to wear in this way the cross of St. George—the ordinances of Richard II,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 459.

<sup>2</sup> "Pontifical of Magdalen College," Henry Bradshaw Society, 1910, p. 255. Cf. *Sarum Manuale*, Rouen, 1510, fo. lxi<sup>v</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> See, e.g., "Canterbury Benedictional," H.B.S., 1917, p. 127; "Pontifical of Magdalen College," p. 181; "Westminster Missal," H.B.S., 1893, fasc. 2, col. 671—*populo tuo largire triumphum, quibus sacrum dedisti lavacrum, et quem fide ditasti catholica, hunc non premit iniquitas aliena*. The reason why secular warfare is given a religious meaning is not simply that the enemy at the time when this prayer was copied was the Dane, who was not Christian: the titles of the blessing in various manuscripts mention or omit the reference to the pagans indifferently—*Benedictio in tempore belli, sive contra Danos; bened in tempore belli; Pro bellantibus. Et contra paganos benedictio*. The persistence of the reference to pagans in later manuscripts may be due to unintelligent copying, but such modern offices as that of St. Joan of Arc show that there is in the Church a tendency to relate secular wars more closely to spiritual ends than their immediate causes seem sometimes to warrant.

<sup>4</sup> "Benedictional of J. Longlonde," H.B.S., 1926, p. 71.

<sup>5</sup> St. Bede: "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum," L 3. c 2.

<sup>6</sup> "Collection of the Chronicles of England," R.S., 40—3, p. 69.

<sup>7</sup> "Annales Regis Edwardi Primi," R.S., 28—2, p. 439.

already quoted, prescribe *qe chescun de quel estat condicion ou nacion qil soit, issint qil soit de nostre partie, porte un signe des armes de Seint George large devant et autre aderer, sur peril qe sil soit naufre ou mort en defaute dycel, cely qe le naufra ou tue, ne portera nul juesse pur li, et qe nul enemy ne porte le dit signe de Seint George, coment qil soit prisoner ou autrement, sur peyne destre mort.*<sup>1</sup> In other words: the whole Church is helping us in this just war. St. George has a special care for us. Therefore, those who are not with him cannot expect safety.

Among other sacramentals, that of the medal, so popular to-day, was not unknown in the Middle Ages: in 1190, for instance, a crusader whose armour was pierced by an arrow attributed the preservation of his life to the medal bearing the name of God, which he was wearing round his neck.<sup>2</sup>

The co-operation of the members of the Church in waging a just war involved the invocation of the saints, who could lend spiritual, if not material, aid. Warfare tested devotion to saints: if the devotion were vigorous, it was applied to the special circumstances of fighting, and victories were attributed to the aid of the saints who had been called upon. Thomas Walsingham, for instance, noticing that the English had gained three victories in Normandy in 1418 within the octave of the Assumption, assumed that the Lord Jesus had chosen this method of honouring His Mother because the King had a special devotion to her.<sup>3</sup> Our Lady and St. George are constantly mentioned in the documents relating to Edward IV. It is not surprising, then, that the victory of Tewkesbury should be attributed to them as well as to the blessed Trinity,<sup>4</sup> or that at Barnet "the Kynge, trusting verely in God's helpe, ovr blessyd laydes, and Seynt George,"<sup>5</sup> should bid his standard-bearer advance

In the nayme of the Trinyté and oure Lady bryghte,  
Seynt Edward, seynt Anne,<sup>6</sup> and swete seynt Johan,  
And in the name of seynt George, oure ladis knyghte.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Black Book of the Admiralty," p. 456, article xviii. The translation in the articles of Henry V runs: "A statute for them, that bere not a band of Seint George—Also, that every man of what estate, condicion, or nacion that he be, of oure partie, bere a band of Seint George suffisant large, upon the perile, if he be wounded or dede in the sawte [through lack] therof, he that hym woundeth or sleeth shall bere no peyn for hym; and that none enemy bere the said signe of Seint George, but if he be prisoner, and in the warde of his maister [the French version says: whether he be prisoner or otherwise], upon peyn of deth therfore." *Ibid.*, p. 464.

<sup>2</sup> "Itinerarium Regis Ricardi," R.S., 38—1, p. 99.

<sup>3</sup> "Ypodigma Neustriæ," R.S., 28—7, p. 487.

<sup>4</sup> "The Historie of the Arrivall of King Edward IV A.D. 1471," Camden Society, 1838, p. 30.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 19.

<sup>6</sup> St. Anne was Edward's favourite saint after our Lady and St. George. He had prayed to her especially against dangers at sea, and he took it as a good omen that when he was at Daventry the Palm Sunday after his landing, an image of St. Anne opened and closed again apparently of its own accord. Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 14—15.

<sup>7</sup> "Political Poems and Songs," R.S., 14—2, p. 275.

Indeed, the devotion to our Lady and St. George is so marked in the literature of the fifteenth century that it would be strange if it were not emphasized in time of war. Such verses as

Thu art oure patronesse knyght y-preve  
To defend wyth fyght oure laydes fe.<sup>1</sup>

and such prayers as that delightful adaptation of the *Te Deum*, *ad laudem Dei genetricis Mariae . . . et pro succursu regni Angliae, dotis suae*, with its suffrage, *Te ergo quaesumus, Angligenis subveni, quos pro dote propria defendisti*,<sup>2</sup> are admirably suited to battle; for all that threatens England insults Mary and provokes her champion, St. George.

Battle-cries might be inspired by devotion to particular saints or mysteries. At Agincourt Henry V urged his men to advance in the name of the Trinity.<sup>3</sup> At Falkirk, in 1298, Edward I used the formula, "If the Lord be with us, who is against us?"—which cry, the chronicler assures us, so terrified the Scots that they said, "Let us run away, for the Lord is not with us."<sup>4</sup> They had, moreover, done the same at Berwick.<sup>5</sup> Another chronicler records in Latin and English the battle-cry used by the Scots in their invasion of England in 1379, and remarks with relish that it sounds even more absurd in the vernacular than in Latin—"God and Sen Mongon, Sen Riman, and Seynt Andreu, schelde us this day and ilke a day fro Goddes grace, and the foule deth that Englysshe men deyen upon."<sup>6</sup> The one thing that stands out from this garbled version is the trust of the Scots in their saints.

If a town were taken on the feast of a saint, it was presumed that the capture was due to the saint's good offices: under Henry V, for example,

Harfleur fert Mauric, Agincort praelia Crispin.<sup>7</sup>

Henry's conduct at Harfleur was evidently modified by the knowledge that St. Martin was patron of the town—"at the threshold of the gate he alighted from his horse; then he caused his shoes to be taken off; and thus barefooted he proceeded to the church of St. Martin, the patron saint of the town; and there he devoutly made offerings and orisons, thanking his creator for the good fortune . . . and some warriors were set free in their doublets; and these swore to surrender themselves prisoners in the town of Calais on the ensuing day of St. Martin in the winter."<sup>8</sup> Somewhat similarly, Edward I was moved to mercy after the capture

<sup>1</sup> "Religious Lyrics of the XVth Century," ed. C. Brown, 1939, p. 198.

<sup>2</sup> "Memorials of Henry V," R.S., 11, pp. 164—165.

<sup>3</sup> T. Walsingham: "Historia Anglicana," R.S., 28—1 (Vol. 2), p. 312.

<sup>4</sup> "Annales Angliae et Scotiae," R.S., 28—2, p. 387.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 374.

<sup>6</sup> "Chronicon a Monacho S. Albani, 1328—1388," R.S., 64, p. 240.

<sup>7</sup> "Memorials of Henry V," p. 124.

<sup>8</sup> Waurin, ii, pp. 188—189.

of Berwick in 1296 when the clergy of the region came out barefooted, bearing relics.<sup>1</sup>

With regard to the lesser communities within the Church, there were pilgrimages to the shrines of saints and requests for the prayers of the religious or clerks who guarded the shrines. Sometimes soldiers who desired a closer fellowship with a religious house received the habit *ad succurrendum*.<sup>2</sup>

There is generally little said about thanksgiving, except in the local chronicles, which love to record gifts to the saint of their house. Occasionally a church is built to commemorate a victory—William I built Battle Abbey *in loco ubi Angliam debellaverat*,<sup>3</sup> and during the peace negotiations of 1396, the Kings of France and England agreed to build a church to our Lady of Peace on the spot where their interviews took place.<sup>4</sup> But in very many cases there is silence about the thanksgiving: the petition for help and its answer are no doubt regarded as more noteworthy. It might not be amiss to end with some ambiguous words from an English version of Polydore Vergil—"the lordes of the counsaile tooke order with Henry Chicheley, archbishop of Canterbury, that he should appoint publike prayers to be made forthwith, whereby it might appere that they did rather ascribe those victories to God than to their owne forces."<sup>5</sup>

W. T. MITCHELL.

#### NEW WORLD.

FR. VAN DER MENSBRUGGHE'S recent book<sup>6</sup> is an important, though brief, contribution to the solution of the problem of the salvation of the pagans. Christ died for all men, "gave himself a redemption for all" (1 Tim. ii, 4); yet, while "without faith it is impossible to please God," the greater part of all mankind have never heard of Jesus Christ, although "there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved." Father van der Mensbrugghe holds, with most recent theologians and in accordance with the principles of St. Thomas, that belief in the two primary articles of faith stated by St. Paul (Heb. xi, 6)—the existence and (supernatural) providence of God—virtually includes belief in the remaining articles of the Creed, which are all concerned with particular aspects of the being of God and His government and redemption of the world. He concludes that most forms of religion seem to have retained enough

<sup>1</sup> "Annales Angliae et Scotiae," p. 374.

<sup>2</sup> Dom Louis Gougaud, O.S.B., "Devotional and Ascetic Practices in the Middle Ages," 1927, p. 134.

<sup>3</sup> William of Malmesbury: "Gesta Pontificum," R.S., 52, p. 207.

<sup>4</sup> "Annales Ricardi Secundi," R.S., 28—3, p. 191.

<sup>5</sup> "Historie of England, Henry the Sixth," C.S., 1844, Vol. 29, p. 11.

<sup>6</sup> "Anakephalaiosis: Thèse fondamentale de Missiologie: Essai de Synthèse sotériologique," by A. M. van der Mensbrugghe. Cour du Prince 55, Gand. Pp. 128. Price, 12.00 fr. belg. Published by the author himself.



of primitive revelation to satisfy these requirements, and that nothing further is needed for salvation except a good life. This is a fairly widely accepted view; but Father van der Mensbrugghe proceeds to suggest solutions to the obvious questions and difficulties which arise. How, for instance, can one be saved through a Name one has never heard, or belong to a Church one does not know? Yet, as against Father de Lubac, it is difficult to hold that it is possible to be saved by or through the Church without being saved *in* it. Rightly rejecting the distinction between the "body" and "soul" of the Church (since a soul can hardly animate limbs or cells separate from the body it informs), the author outlines his synthesis, based on the Pauline doctrine of the original grounding and subsequent rehabilitation of all things in the Word. This "direction" of man's very being to Christ is actually independent of temporal distinctions, not because it is above them as an eternal fact, but because, as the original elevation of the race to the supernatural order was in subordination to, and in dependence on, the Word, the same relation of the race to its Head was re-established by the Promise (Gen. iii, 15) after the Fall, still at the dawn of human history.

In this ontological framework, the author argues (taking a hint from Bloy), all human suffering, which in any case is penal, becomes, if patiently accepted, implicitly repentance and submission to Christ, expiatory and "sacramental" through union with the Passion of the Head. Thus, also, one can recognize degrees of formal membership of the Church. Are, then, the Missions unnecessary? No: they remain urgently necessary, not only to facilitate greatly the otherwise precarious salvation of the pagans, but also because full membership of the Church is a condition of that *social* sanctity which is man's vocation, as also of declared allegiance to the Kingship of Christ.

Father van der Mensbrugghe's thesis involves, as he points out, a view of the Church which more nearly equates it with the Mystical Body: a view which clarifies the concept of "qualitative" Catholicism, and which derives its emphasis more from the doctrine of the early Greek Fathers than from that of Augustine or the controversial writings of Bellarmine. Such an emphasis, however, is implied by the (generally accepted) *conclusions* of Capéran, which find no adequate basis in his conservative ecclesiology. It is clear, also, that a serious optimism about the fate of "B.C." mankind involves further inquiry into the significance of the Incarnation precisely as a *dated* event, and Father van der Mensbrugghe quotes Coppens's exaggeration: "L'originalité de l'Évangile consiste dans la personnalité de Jésus, non pas dans le contenu de sa doctrine."

*Anakephalaiosis* is too short to permit the full development of all its contentions; but it is a book calculated to kindle in equal measure Catholic thinking and Catholic Action. The author pleads

that the provincial thinking of individual Catholics is unworthy of the name they bear, and untrue to the leadership of Benedict XV and, especially, of Pius XI, who urged the study in the west of eastern theology, patrology and liturgy. Those of us who have friends who have sacrificed the habitual rhythms of even religious life to join the Russian Rite know that they have been surprised to observe the attitude of complacent apathy among many in the Rite they have left towards all that is both characteristic and rich in the Russian tradition; they have found that they have passed over, not a bridge, but a gulf.

Yet, if the Children of Israel could learn from the symbolic action of Melchisedech, the king of Salem, and from the patient wisdom of the Patriarch, Job, perhaps Western theologians can adopt a richer conception of the Church from the genius for society of the Russians, their profound intuition of solidarity and human brotherhood: though it may be that this is to be learnt not only from conservative Russian theology, as Father van der Mensbrugghe suggests, but also from the Russian popular consciousness as it manifests itself directly through the vital apprehensions of a Dostoevski. There, are, perhaps, signs that the long-delayed "Union" is to be realized, that ours is the acceptable time. For if God works through natural means, shaping to his purposes the activities of men—whether the dialectic of philosophical thought, or the constitutional forms and the channels of communication constructed by temporal states, or the less deliberate popular movements towards new social forms and attitudes—we may, perhaps, find in the signs of our own times grounds to hope that the very conditions which have faced the Church with another crisis will enable her presently to enter a new phase.

The discovery of the extent of the earth and, more recently, of the antiquity of the human race, have forced theologians to devote increasingly more attention to the problem presented by those who have never had the chance of membership of the visible Church. At the same time, though for largely different reasons, the nature and implications of the fact of "solidarity" have been the subject of earnest research by many of the best minds. It may be doubted whether this problem is capable of solution on the lines of traditional Western thought, in view of its predominant intellectualism and characteristic emphasis on the "impenetrability" of the individual. But a simultaneous development in the material sphere, the improvement of communications due to the achievements of natural science, has made possible for the nations at large a new interest in, and sympathy with, each other, an increased awareness of a common nature and destiny.

The children of darkness, wiser in their generation . . . , have reacted to new conditions with a racialist theory that is an evil parody of the true doctrine of blood-brotherhood. They have subdued to the service of error the scientific and psychological

forces of the age. We have seen faked plebiscites, the demands of *claqueurs* in an inspired press, and the "repatriation" of minorities by force. Seeing the power and the peril of a false racialism, we have answered that there is no privileged race. But an error is finally overcome only by a truth, a truth that is not merely a denial and an antithesis, but a synthesis and an affirmation. Let our affirmation be this: we, too, have unprivileged brothers beyond our frontiers; we recognize our country and our blood in every land where there are men; wherever sons of Adam are to be found, we salute children of the Cross; wherever human beings of any colour turn in penitence and hope to a divine Father, there are Catholics in embryo, Romans after the spirit. We wish to impose neither our civilization nor even our forms of thought on alien mentalities; we wish only to share the essential human, *i.e.*, Christian,<sup>1</sup> heritage with those who lack it partly or altogether; to be united, in Karl Adam's phrase, with Christ our brother, aware that—even in lands where his name has not been heard—

"Christ plays in ten thousand places,  
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his."

In the case of Churches in schism or heresy there is, of course, no room for compromise in the composing of doctrinal differences. But doctrinal differences, as they were the pretext rather than the cause of schism, are not likely alone to prevent schism being healed. It may reasonably be hoped that the world, if it rides the present storm, will be in a better mood to think and act for Union. It is becoming increasingly clear that from the political point of view duty, in modern conditions, can no longer be regarded as a luxury: that human security is not separable from a fairly high degree of seriousness about Christian ideals. Our political rulers will know their responsibilities in such matters as a nation's right of access to raw materials. It is for Catholics to protest—and we are beginning to be listened to—that in other spheres also the *laissez-aller* of individualistic liberalism is the voice of Cain; that the mission of Christianity is not to destroy, but to correct and to fulfil, those undisciplined yearnings towards community which are manifesting themselves among the less anæmic peoples. For there is a true collectivism, a Christian imperialism; it was stated by our Lord (John x, 16): "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring. . ."

And just as an enlightened international policy (I speak quite in the abstract) may be impeded by an uninstructed and obscurantist public opinion, so the initiative of ecclesiastical authority in the spiritual sphere may be dependent for its effectiveness on the enthusiasm of the faithful. Crusades, like canonizations, wait on the cries of the people.

A. A. STEPHENSON.

<sup>1</sup> Historically the terms are convertible.

## II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

AMERICA: June 1, 1940. **Should the Nazis Win, our Old World would Die**, by John LaFarge, S.J. [A timely warning to fellow-Americans that a Nazi victory would bring Socialism throughout Europe, and very soon into the United States.]

CATHOLIC HERALD: June 21, 1940. **Now it Should be Said**. [An outspoken leader calling upon Catholics to examine their consciences so far as an international outlook is concerned.]

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW: April, 1940. **The Role of Catholic Culture in Uruguay, in Bolivia, and in the Argentine**, by L. Manuel Espinosa, Elizabeth W. Loughran and Walter M. Langford. [Three detailed and encouraging accounts of the history and influence of the Church in these South American countries.]

ÉTUDES: June 5, 1940. **L'Occupation Allemande en Pologne**, by Jules Lebreton, S.J. [Contains a revealing and yet well-documented record of the persecution of the Church in occupied Poland.]

HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY: Summer, 1940. **The Reconstruction of Europe**, by Arthur Bryant. [Has some sound suggestions for the establishment of a better order in post-war Europe.]

IRISH MONTHLY: June, 1940. **An English Need**, by Hilaire Belloc. [Mr. Belloc pleads eloquently for an "accurate, clear, terse and simple elementary history of Ireland for the use of English readers."]

NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS: **Souvenir Programme**. [A brochure of one hundred pages, giving details of the recent "centenary" Eucharistic Congress, together with a history of Catholic activity in those islands.]

SPAIN: June, 1940. **The Juan Luis Vives Quater-centenary**, by Professor E. Allison Peers. [An interesting study of a Spanish humanist, who was the friend of Erasmus and Thomas More, who lectured at Oxford and was tutor to Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII.]

STUDIES: June, 1940. **Mexico on the Verge of a Crisis**, by Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. [Provides a clear analysis of the present situation in Mexico, shortly before the Presidential election, with encouraging comments upon Catholic activity.]

TABLET: June 22, 1940. **The Spirit of Britain**. [A restrained statement of where we stand to-day, and of the spirit in which that stand must continue.]

YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKER: June, 1940. **Homage to Belgium and Holland**. [Has a short tribute to the zeal and efforts of Dutch and Belgian Catholics in the social field, and a salute to Belgium as the cradle of the Y.C.W. movement.]



# REVIEWS

## I—A CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT<sup>1</sup>

HERE is a vast undertaking in the domain of translation which two Great Wars have been unable to frustrate. Merely to handle these three volumes, so stoutly and beautifully produced, is to feel a sense of elation as at a new endorsement of the cheering old maxim that the pen is mightier than the sword. Pastor's first volume was published in German as long ago as 1885 and translated into English in 1891 by Father Antrobus of the Oratory. Father Antrobus carried on the great work to its sixth volume when the burden was taken over by his brother Oratorian, Father Ralph Kerr, who achieved seventeen more volumes before he died. It was a fine record, and Catholic students of the Popes and of European history will always hold Father Kerr's memory in reverence. With Volume XXV Buckfast relieved the Oratory which had done such noble service, and Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B., well known for his own original work, has since been in charge of the translation. Baron von Pastor never pretended to be a stylist, but he wrote clearly, which is a virtue that stylists sometimes do not possess. Father Graf has put the somewhat heavy German into vigorous English, without in any way departing from the path of rectitude prescribed for translators.

The present group of volumes bears the sad reminder that we shall have nothing more from the great historian's pen which is now at rest for ever. But he had almost fulfilled the daring ambition of his youth before he died. He began in leisurely fashion with the Popes at Avignon and has carried their history forward to the eighteenth century, an achievement in study and research, as well as in honest, sturdy perseverance, that has hardly its equal in the realms of modern scholarship. At the time of his seventieth birthday in 1924 Pastor remarked that he must thenceforth regard each subsequent year granted to him by God as a gift and favour on which he could not count. He must hurry if he was to see his great plan through, and that pathetic pressure of old age accounts for the fact that while Volume XXX contains the eleven years' reign of only one Pope, Volumes XXXI and XXXII contain the forty-five years' reign of six Popes. The one Pope was Innocent X (1644—1655) whose troubled era, as told in these pages, is an excellent example of the apologetic value of Baron von Pastor's work. Louis XIV had begun his triumphant

<sup>1</sup> *The History of the Popes.* By Baron von Pastor. English translation. Vols. XXX, XXXI and XXXII. By Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. London: Kegan Paul. Price, 16s. net each volume. 1940.

reign, Mazarin, his minister, detested the Papacy, and Jansenism and Gallicanism were destroying the Catholic soul of France. France then dominated Europe, and "grievous peril brooded over the Church." It is one of the consolations of history for a Catholic, one of the plainest evidences of the Church's supernatural protection, that there has hardly ever been an age when grievous trouble did not brood over her. The various great world-powers, from the Roman Empire onwards, have taken it in turn to harass her, and her deadliest enemies have sometimes been those who called themselves her children.

Volume XXXII deals with the histories of three Popes, Alexander VII, Clement IX and Clement X. The chief matters of interest here are the conversion of Queen Christina of Sweden, the Jansenist controversy, the unhappy dispute over the "Chinese rites," and the ceaseless efforts of the Popes to safeguard Europe from the Turks. State absolutism and the secularization of politics increase apace, and the voice of the Pope, pleading for peace, for justice, for the rights of religion, becomes more and more like that of one crying in the wilderness. Volume XXXII, containing the reigns of Innocent XI, Alexander VIII and Innocent XII, brings us to the close of the century and the dawn of the age of reason when men in many lands were to attempt systematically to snuff out the lights of Heaven. While too stern to be humanly attractive, Innocent XI was a truly great Pope, one in the succession of Gregory VII, Pius V and Sixtus V. It is highly likely that he would have been beatified by Benedict XIV but for the opposition of the French Government. Most historians agree that, without the aid rendered by Innocent, Sobieski would not have succeeded in delivering Vienna from the Turks in 1683. While ceaselessly active in keeping that traditional foe of Christendom at bay, the Pope was compelled to wage a long duel with Louis XIV whose lust for conquest not only destroyed the peace of Europe but threatened the Church in France with abject servitude. By his revocation of the Edict of Nantes Louis aspired to be regarded as a new Constantine, but Innocent, when told of the great influx of Protestants into the Church, remarked caustically: "What is the good of it if all the bishops are schismatics?" Openly and explicitly he condemned the vain monarch's despotism and use of brute force against the Huguenots. It is much too positive to state, as Pastor does, that this Pope "had put Tirso Gonzalez, a missionary and professor of theology, at the head of the Jesuit Order, with a view to putting an end to the complaints about the infiltration of lax moral teaching into the Society of Jesus" (XXXII, 621). All that Innocent did was to speak of Father Gonzalez as the most deserving candidate, in his opinion. No pressure was exercised beyond the expression of this personal sentiment, and it required three scrutinies before a majority of

votes was cast in favour of Gonzalez. The consequences of his election are not the least interesting part of the history of the Popes at this period, and to it also belongs the final struggle of the Holy See with Gallicanism and Jansenism, as well as the great battle between Bossuet and Fénelon on the subject of Quietism. The impressions left upon one by reading the three volumes are mainly of how God, throughout history, uses the weak things of this world to confound the strong, how sanctity blooms in the most unfavourable conditions, and how, when all seems about to be lost to her, the Church rallies and goes on to new victories. It would not be right to close these few remarks about a most inspiring work without paying a very warm tribute to the publishers, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company, who, for more than forty years, have been giving us Pastor in English. The Catholics of this Empire and America owe the firm their heartiest gratitude.

J.B.

## 2—THE PSALMS FOR EVERY MAN<sup>1</sup>

A GREAT commentary on the Psalms is like a battleship, massive, reassuring, but circumscribed in its activities and usefulness; yet all the time it must be there in the background to make possible the operations of the little ships. We have, in English, our larger commentaries on the Psalms, the works of Dr. Bird and Canon Boylan, double-deckers with a full armament of learning, but there is a dearth of books which, like the smaller craft, can go out under their protection and destroy the forces of ignorance and prejudice which work against an esteem of Holy Writ. Father Martindale's work is not a large commentary, and yet it cannot be termed small. He does not discuss the psalms one by one and verse by verse, but chooses a series of topics, each of which is illustrated by one or more verses from a psalm, which verses are then provided with a full and meditative commentary. The selection might seem to be random, but behind the sequence of the chapters—psalms of praise, rebellion, sacrifice, apostolate—there is the pattern of the *Spiritual Exercises* in their first two "weeks"; not exclusively and not perhaps consciously followed, but none the less sufficiently evident to make the book most acceptable reading for a time of retreat.

The Hebrew mind with its fondness for extremes of black and white to the exclusion of all greys, its lack of adjectives of comparison, and the Hebrew preference for auditory to visual imagery, together with the fact that in the Latin psalter we are at two removes, and in the English at three, from the original—all these

<sup>1</sup> *The Sweet Singer of Israel*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. xii, 308. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

factors make some introduction to the Psalms necessary, and this Father Martindale supplies admirably and at some length. His explanation of what the learned have called "compenetration" or the co-existence of several levels of meaning in the same verse is simplicity itself.

An intelligent woman (yet sufficiently human to look into shop-windows) can see *both* her own face reflected in the plate-glass, *and* the hat behind it, *and* in the hat a whole symbol of the absurd difference in prices asked from different people, *and* the social problem that this involves, *and* the destined collapse of the present commercial system. The hat may seem to her positively soaked in future blood.

The chapters on Nature and Human Nature in the Psalms will bring light to many. The Hebrew's dislike of the sea and of small things, his quick, eruptive temper and fondness for refrains and repetition (did not St. Paul warn Timothy against endless genealogies), his overwhelming sense of the Paramountcy of God that made mere human survival of death seem but little worth, all these are points of difference from Western man, and have to be explained before a right approach to the Psalms is possible; needless to say, the explanations here given are admirable. There is also a long section on the Psalms of the New Testament which gain much from a consideration of those of the Old.

As long ago as the days of Richard Rolle the English mind in its approach to the Psalms was psychological and at the same time practical. Father Martindale's book has both these characteristics; it is not concerned, as Bellarmine was, to show that, where the Hebrew text differs from the Septuagint, the resultant meaning for the devout mind is the same. His notes are enriched by a wide knowledge of human nature, and the philological interest is secondary. At times the practical points made are almost disconcerting in their keenness, but the Hebrew mood invariably justifies this, and even goes beyond it. "What if the wicked prosper?", or "Do I wholly disappear?"; it was the sharp practical problems such as these, rather than a metaphysical theology of Grace or the Redemption that preoccupied the Psalmist's mind. And was he always a man? Some of the Psalms may have had an authoress. It will be seen that the book is itself full of riches, while being a guide to the riches of the Psalter, and though its author is now, in a sense, "*Super flumina Babylonis*," it will certainly be the prayer of his readers that the Lord will bless him "with the benison that is of Syon."

J.H.C.



3—AGAIN THE LITURGY<sup>1</sup>

THE report of an Educational Conference devoted to the Liturgy shows how seriously the Franciscan Order in Canada is responding to this need of the Church.

It contains twenty papers, of which two are far longer than the ordinary conference address. "The Liturgy and the Franciscan Order" (pp. 1—54) has much interesting matter drawn from prominent Franciscan historians and serves to justify the wide sense in which the traditions of that Order envisage Liturgy so as to include many popular and "non-liturgical" devotions as well as a much-extended Sanctoriale—all belonging to the popular and affective apostolate for which the Franciscans have always been well known. Most modern liturgists will demur probably at the statement (p. 11) that the Roman Liturgy for the Office derived from the Benedictine.

"Eastern and Western Liturgies" (pp. 55—144) is an industrious compilation, which seems too long for its purpose, and is defective in articulation and proportion. Further, it tails off into an account of the Mass for the Priesthood of Christ and of the indulgences connected therewith. It is marred by some mistakes. Renaudotius Eusebius (p. 55) is the liturgist E. Renaudot. The language of the Georgians is not Georgian (p. 91 twice); this misprint in Hanssens should not have been copied. The "Egyptian Church Order" is very out of date as a name for the "Traditio Apostolica" of Hippolytus which has been known as such since 1916 (p. 85). This is no mere question of name; for, as the work of Hippolytus, the value of the document is immensely enhanced.

The last seventeen articles are mainly concerned with liturgical education—in elementary schools, in parishes and in the various stages of Franciscan formation. That Liturgy should be recognized as all-important in spiritual and ascetical formation, and that it should be separated entirely from liturgical faddism, is most encouraging for the future. Many practical points are here touched upon, but it may be doubted how far most of them will help. Reciting the Franciscan Rosary during Mass on alternate week-days (p. 174) does not seem very suitable for fostering an appreciation of Mass—except possibly by way of reaction.

Though not absent, the adoration idea could have been more strongly emphasized. This important aspect of religion, which produces an appreciation of God's excellence, and thereby a mind submissive to His dominion, seems just that feature of Liturgy

<sup>1</sup> *Sacred Liturgy*. Report of the twenty-first Annual Franciscan Educational Conference. Chateauguay Basin, Canada. June 26—28, 1939. Published by Capuchin College, Brookland, Washington, D.C. Pp. liv, 289. Price, \$1.00.

which marks it off from the usually more self-regarding non-liturgical devotions.

On finishing a practical work of this kind, one would like to enter a plea for those who not only have no Latin but cannot even grasp the concise formulae of the Latin Liturgy when translated. They move in a small circle of spiritual ideas: their approach to God is largely emotional, not intellectual. The pregnant ideas on which the Liturgy is based are too deep for them: indeed, that insensible formation which the Liturgy exercises develops only through its action on those who recite Office daily in choir. This is the crux of the Liturgical Movement, and a solution must be found, since these other souls form the great majority and are certainly not less dear to God. Until Liturgy can pervade all life once more with its drama and crude rejoicings and emotions, as well as its classical restraint (which is all that we have of it at present), this problem will remain with us. And, if anyone can solve it, it should be the family of St. Francis who, great adorer, and poet of the sun, found both God and beauty in street and homestead and made both radiant with God's glory.

C.F.K.

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## SHORT NOTICES

### DEVOTIONAL.

**I**T is not everyone who can read, and certainly not everyone who can write, soliloquies after the manner of St. Augustine, wherein the soul speaks haltingly to God. This is the scope of **Heavenly Converse** (Sheed & Ward: 5s. n.), whose authoress, a Poor Clare Colettine, has chosen to remain anonymous. The close dependence on Scripture throughout the work is also in the patristic manner, and it is encouraging to notice that dark places of Scripture are explored by the devout mind in the light of knowledge drawn from reliable modern commentaries. It is true that many spiritual writers have used with profit "Denys' hid Divinity," but the scarcely-contestable Monophysite character of the author of those writings warrants in these days considerable prudence in the use of extracts drawn from them. Benign interpretations of such extracts are no doubt possible, but the untutored mind may quite as easily take up a sinister or misguided view because of them. Grosseteste, Walter Hylton and Dean Colet presumably looked upon their Denys as an immediate disciple of St. Paul, but we, not having their excuses, should be the more cautious in our reliance upon him.

It is an advantage for the faithful to learn more of the various spiritual privileges which are available to them, and to this end **The Book of the Miraculous Medal**, by a Vincentian Father

(Sands: 1s. 3d. n.), will be of service, more especially as the beatification, in 1933, of Catherine Labouré, the first promoter of the devotion, has put this pious and Catholic practice in a clearer light. At the same time it is necessary that these sacramentals of the Church be clearly distinguished both from the sacraments instituted by Christ and from pagan mascots. The Latin prayers of the Rite for blessing this medal do this admirably, and it is a pity that an English translation of them was not given along with the text, reproduced here on pp. 72—74. A slight variation from Sister Catherine's French account of her vision has been noticed, for after she was told that "those who wear it [the medal] when indulgenced will receive great graces," the voice continued, saying, "Les graces seront abondantes pour les personnes qui auront confiance." This is here translated, "There will be graces in abundance for those *who wear it with confidence*." The earlier phrase is definite enough, and by its insistence on the indulgencing of the medal, gives the right emphasis; but it is the second phrase, where this emphasis is lacking, which has been chosen by the compiler of this book as a text for his first chapter and for quotation elsewhere: taken by itself, this might give rise to misunderstandings.

In **The Mother of Jesus** (Kenedy: \$2.00) Canon Henri Morice has collected thirty-one meditations on the life of our Lady. In the course of them he seeks to draw out the close union existing between Mary and her Son and the "striking resemblance" of their thoughts, feelings and character. "In the Magnificat, we might think we were listening to an anticipated echo of the Sermon on the Mount." The translation, competent as it is, hardly succeeds in presenting the French original in a way that will appeal to English readers, and the price is likely to restrict the demand in this country.

#### NON-CATHOLIC.

Under the title **Each Returning Day**, and at the price of a shilling, the British Broadcasting Corporation has issued a collection of prayers considered to be of help and comfort in time of war. Many of them are taken from "New Every Morning," and they have been arranged under thirty different headings, thus more or less covering a normal month. The compilation is the work of Dr. Iremonger, the present Dean of Lichfield, who was for a considerable period Religious Director of the B.B.C. Naturally, the whole tone and character of the prayers is a Protestant one, and Catholics would scarcely feel at home with such a book. But, in itself, the volume is admirably produced, and will, we are sure, be of great assistance and encouragement to those for whom it is primarily intended.

We have already had occasion to praise the *Signposts* series of theological works produced by members of the Anglican Church, and **The Resurrection of the Bible** (Dacre Press: 1s.) keeps up the level of the others. The title sufficiently indicates the standpoint from which it is written. Indeed, Mr. G. B. Bentley himself sums up his position as being "reactionary" and "fundamentalist," in the sense that it reacts against the extravagances that have resulted from the higher criticism, which combined such queer prejudices with its painstaking investigations, and he insists on the fundamental importance of the traditional view of inspiration and inerrancy. Mr. Bentley knows his Fathers no less than his modern writers and makes good use of St. Augustine, amongst others, to vindicate the Scriptures from the pretentious nonsense that has often masqueraded as "criticism." There is nothing in the booklet that will not be found in the ordinary textbooks of Scripture and apologetics, but students of Scripture in particular and all intelligent laymen will be grateful to find, gathered together in a work of such convenient size, a statement of the traditional defence of the Bible.

#### HISTORICAL.

The making of lists of Bishops, whether for a See or country, has been an activity of Church historians since the time of Hegesippus's famous visit to Rome in the second century. But it is rare to discover as complete a list as is provided by the **Dictionary of the American Hierarchy** (Longmans, New York: \$3.75). The volume was prepared by Dr. Joseph Code, the Managing Editor of the *Catholic Historical Review*, to supply information concerning the Bishops of the United States. In addition to short biographies of all American Bishops from John Carroll, appointed in 1789, to the present Rector of the Catholic University, consecrated as recently as April of this year, there are many tables which give at a glance the names of those who were foreign-born (including one hundred from Ireland), or converts, or members of religious Orders. We are given also the lines of descent of episcopal succession which are traced back until in each case they go outside the American hierarchy. In fact, the book is a most comprehensive and workmanlike guide to what must be, numerically at least, the greatest of the Churches of the Gentiles outside Europe.

The second volume of Father Reginald Walker's textbook of Church History for schools, published by M. H. Gill, Dublin, under the title of **An Outline History of the Catholic Church**, covers the whole of the modern period from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the present day. The work has many merits—compression, orderly arrangement, clearness and accuracy. In spite of the ground covered in its two hundred and fifty pages, the



little book reads excellently, and there is nothing slipshod in the presentation and composition of the narrative. The Catholic interpretation of modern history is set forth with precision and force. In the hands of an experienced teacher, Father Walker's book ought to prove an admirable introduction to the subject. In this way, its merits will be better estimated in practice than they can well be by a reviewer in his study. No doubt, the work will have many editions in time to come, and in these the author will be able to profit by the suggestions of those who have used it in the class-room. In these future editions, it will also undoubtedly grow in bulk, and certain sections will be expanded and amplified. There are some interesting points which, even now, might have been more fully and precisely stated: *e.g.*, on p. 59, the important assertion that "in the one winter of 1569 nearly three times as many Catholics were executed under Elizabeth, as Protestants during the whole reign of Mary." It would have been worth while to substantiate this assertion with the relevant figures, as far as they are available. We noticed two inaccuracies. Quarantotti was not the Cardinal Secretary of State under Pius VII, nor was he a Cardinal at all at the moment of his unhappy intervention in English Church History. He was a Monsignore, and Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda. Further, the two Rossettis are mentioned as Catholic writers. Dante Gabriel Rossetti would seem, however, to have had no religion at all, while Christina was a devout Anglican.

Not merely its alumni will read **The History of Cotton College** (B.O. & W.: 10s. 6d. n.) with interest and profit, but all who are interested in the fortunes of the Catholic Church in this country will be glad to read this story of Sedgley Park and Cotton Hall. Founded in 1763 by Bishop Challoner, to provide secondary education for those Catholics who were not in a position to send their children to schools abroad, Sedgley Park did invaluable work for over a century, work which has been continued and developed since 1873 when Cotton College was opened. In addition to the incidental light it casts on Church history, the book abounds in short biographical studies of many Catholic worthies, whilst all the great names, Milner, Ullathorne, Wiseman, Newman, are to be met in its pages, showing how Cotton has always been closely interwoven with the fortunes of the Church in this country. The volume is excellently illustrated by photographs and by a few charming etchings from the pencil of Mr. Joseph Pike. Cordially, then, do we congratulate Canon Buscot on his history and wish it the success it deserves.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

Readers of **THE MONTH** will welcome the opportunity provided by Mother Keppel's life of **Blessed Rose Philippine Duchesne** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. n.) of renewing acquaintance with the "carac-

tère Duchesne" that was so well illustrated in these pages last April. Mother Stuart once wrote of her that "she grows upon one more and more," and indeed the strong control that was established by grace over those fierce Burgundian fires of character was truly admirable. The obstinate and wayward schoolgirls who used to beg to be taken to Mother Duchesne to receive their scoldings, because then they would be really sorry, showed the unerring instincts of childhood, and the reader can envy them their privilege. This year America will celebrate the centenary of Father de Smet's mission to the Indians: it is good that the memory of Mère Duchesne, who gave generous help to so many missionaries, has not been left unrecorded.

Andrew Bobola, the Polish Jesuit martyr, was canonized in St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, 1938. For this solemn occasion an Italian biography of the new Saint was prepared by Cesare Moreschini. Though written in popular manner, it was based upon a critical and authoritative work by Father Jan Poplatek, S.J., published at Cracow in 1936. The Moreschini biography now appears, with some additions, in English form, under the title, **The Life of Saint Andrew Bobola** (Bruce Humphries, Inc.: \$1.50): Father Louis Gallagher, S.J., and Dr. Paul Donovan are responsible for translation and adaptation. It is, I think, the only English Life of this remarkable apostle and martyr: and martyr he, indeed, was, in the most striking, and, one must add, in the most appalling sense of that word. The decree of the Congregation of Rites contained the statement that "scarcely ever or perhaps never at all has a martyrdom of such brutality been brought before it." His missionary life is fascinating in its variety, movement and danger. The history of his remains—their disappearance, romantic recovery, rescue from Soviet Russia, and subsequent translation to Rome—was recounted in *THE MONTH* (February, 1924) by Father Louis Gallagher, who had a great deal to do with their recovery. St. Andrew has come to occupy a special place in the Polish consciousness, and to-day is a principal patron of that Catholic land, once again brutally invaded and ill-used: this fact, apart from any other, should stimulate our interest in one of Poland's greatest saints. The story of his life and death, the history of his relics and of growing devotion to his memory—all this is told brightly, graphically, and with sufficient wealth of detail, in this volume. *MONTH* readers might well turn back to the June and July numbers for 1938 in which they will find two articles upon this Saint.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The rather mysterious title of **Knots** (Ducharme, Montreal) is explained by a sentence in the foreword: "Since the plank of my choice is Canadian Unity, anyone conversant with the subject will

realize it is full of knots. . .” The book is a collection of addresses and articles, produced at different times by M. Emile Vaillancourt, in which he seeks to make his fellow men appreciate the qualities and understand the position of French Canada. There is almost a truculence in M. Vaillancourt’s manner which is, however, by no means irritating, and we feel sure that his contribution to a solution of the problem of Canadian unity will be well received and effective.

We are told by the publishers of **Happiness in Marriage** (Sands : 2s. 6d. n.) that the authors’ aim was “to produce a book of *practical* advice for young married people.” The authors in question are Father J. Leo McGovern and Dr. R. H. D. Lavery, and their method has been to write chapters respectively on the dogmatic, devotional or practical aspects of marriage on the one hand and, on the other, the sheerly medical. The style is simple and straightforward—at times to the point of bluntness—carefully eschewing anything of the “romantic” style often to be met with in such publications. As far as the mere layman can judge, the medical advice is sane and sensible and will be found useful by those women who tend to think of pregnancy as a rare sort of disease instead of being what it is—“a perfectly normal condition for a healthy woman.” Father McGovern, too, whether discussing marriage as a “vocation,” the use of marriage, the importance of “recreations and hobbies,” or the perennial “in-law” difficulty, has useful things to say.

Broadcast talks do not always read well in print. M. Denis Saurat’s **The Spirit of France** (Dent: 1s. n.) contains a series of six addresses written originally for the microphone, and not the eye. The result is a stringing together of short sentences, a conciseness of expression, and a certain *staccato* effect that become a trifle monotonous. But, this apart, the volume is quite admirable. France, we are reminded at the start, is essentially a peasant country, and nearly two-thirds of its population live from the land. Consequently, in comparison with England, “the rhythm of life is slower. Yet here is one of the paradoxes of the French. They are slower to move, but they are quicker to think.” The small towns, of which France possesses at least a thousand, organize the peasants into a nation, and give them cohesion, protection and general culture. Most of the French politicians, incidentally, come from these small towns. M. Saurat has some illuminating remarks upon the status of Paris. The Paris Press, he contends, “does not represent France at all.” It is “run by intellectuals in the pay of party men; it is much more brilliant and entertaining, but it has none of the solidity of the provincial Press. If you want to know what France thinks, go to Toulouse, to Lyons, to Lille, to Nantes; do not go to Paris.” The same is true of the political field. The Députés and Senators are nearly all provincials. The

capital is "either too far to the Right in its rich sections, or much too far to the Left in its poor sections. The bulk of France is neither true Right nor true Left." The book contains a short but good account of French education and imperial administration, and its author is not afraid to make the statement that a complete reorganization of the English educational world is badly needed. It is an interesting little volume, and the illustrations are well chosen. What one misses, however, is a real judgment on the place of religion in French life. It is mentioned on three or four occasions, as when we are told that the number of Catholics among the workmen is growing, and that the clergy "have dealt very well with them," or that the Red zone of Paris "is being surrounded gradually by a Catholic zone. In a region where not a Catholic church existed there are now thirty, and each church is a centre of social welfare." But on another page we read that in the *dévotés* of the small towns there "still lives an amazing past," as though this were the most notable thing about it. Possibly M. Saurat imagined that his English audience was not particularly interested in French Catholicism. He has made his picture less complete than it might have been and, in this respect at least, his volume is not as good as the recent and excellent brochure of Mr. Somerset Maugham.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

*Après le Sabbat, dès l'Aube.* By Pierre Montmajour. Pp. 32. Price, 2.50 fr. *Royaume de Dieu.* By Pierre Montmajour. Pp. 29. Price, 2.50 fr.

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, London.

*Each Returning Day. A Book of Prayers for War Time.* Pp. 72. Price, 1s.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

*Along a Little Way.* By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Pp. 52. Price, 1s. 6d. (2s. 6d. cloth). *The Westminster Hymnal.* New and Revised Edition. Pp. xvi, 452. Price (music), 8s. 6d. Pp. xii, 327. Price (words), 1s. 6d.

DACRE PRESS, London.

*The God-Man.* By E. L. Mascal. Pp. 116. Price, 1s. *The Re-creation of Man.* By T. M. Parker. Pp. 120. Price, 1s.

GABALDA, Paris.

*St. Philippe Néri.* By André Baudrillart. Pp. 196. Price, 13.00 fr.

KENEDY, New York.

*God the Holy Ghost.* By James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp. Pp. ix, 316. Price, \$2.50. *The Mother of Jesus.* By Henri Morice. Translated by Madame Clara Sands, R.C.S.J. Pp. x, 250. Price, \$2.00. *One Life in Christ.* By Sister Mary of the Angels. Pp. 141. Price, \$1.50.

LONGMANS, London and New York.

*Fifty Years' Work in London.* By Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram. Pp. xi, 250. Price, 10s. 6d. n. *An Irish Journey.* By Sean O'Faolain. Pp. x, 308. Price, 12s. 6d. n. *Dictionary of the American Hierarchy.* By Rev. J. B. Code. Pp. xxii, 425. Price, \$3.75.

SANDS, London.

*The Book of the Miraculous Medal.* By a Vincentian Father. Pp. 110. Price, 1s. 3d. n. *Happiness in Marriage.* By Father L. McGovern and Dr. R. H. D. Laverty. Pp. 106. Price, 2s. 6d. n.